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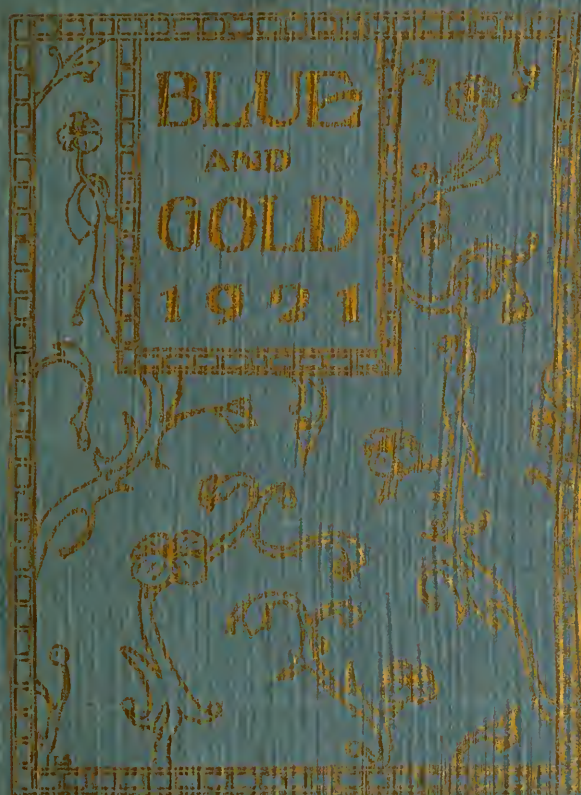
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BLUE
AND
GOLD
1921



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The Blue and Gold

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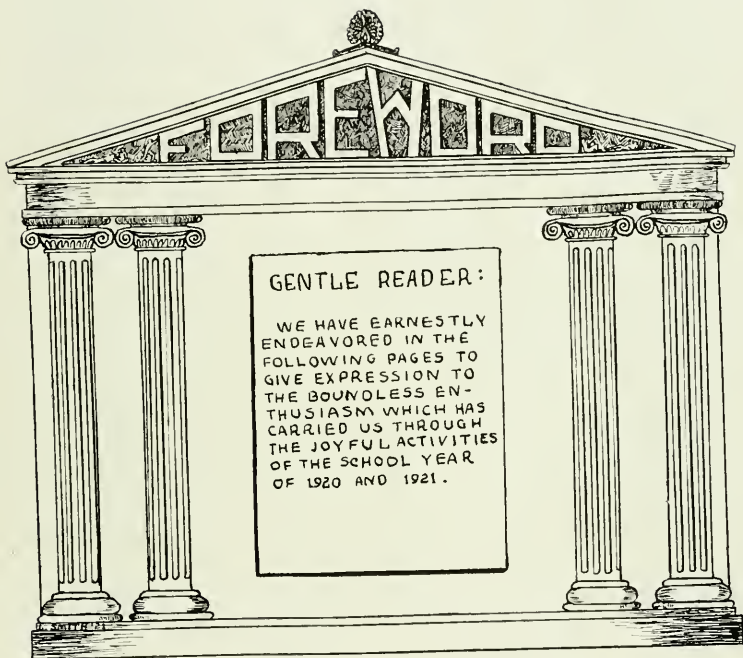


PUBLISHED AT FINDLAY, OHIO, BY THE SENIOR CLASS
OF NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-ONE, ACTING
FOR FINDLAY HIGH SCHOOL



DEDICATION

TO THE FINDLAY HIGH SCHOOL
OF THE FUTURE — TO THAT
GREATER F.H.S. WHICH, HOUSED
IN A WONDERFUL NEW SCHOOL
BUILDING, SHALL MAKE FOR
ITSELF SUCH RECORDS IN THE
LINE OF HARD CONSCIENTIOUS
WORK IN THE CLASS-ROOM,
SHALL EXHIBIT SUCH TRUE
SPORTSMANSHIP IN THE FIELD
OF ATHLETIC ENDEAVOR, AND
SHALL BRING ABOUT SUCH
POWER AND CHARM IN THE REALM
OF LITERATURE AND ART AS
HAVE NEVER BEFORE BEEN
KNOWN TO THE HIGH SCHOOLS
OF THIS OR ANY OTHER STATE,
WE DEDICATE THIS, THE 1921
EDITION OF THE BLUE AND
GOLD ANNUAL.



1 9 2 1



FACULTY

First Row—Mr. Shull, Miss Jacobs, Mr. Roberts.
 Second Row—Miss Battrick, Mr. Matteson, Miss Gilbert.
 Third Row—Miss Coates, Miss Moore, Miss Kuenzli.
 Fourth Row—Miss Catty, Mr. Green, Miss Gerlaugh.



FACULTY

First Row—Mr. Finton, Miss Mills, Mr. Buess, Miss Beardsley.
 Second Row—Miss Baker, Mr. Lee, Miss Culler, Mr. Haverfield.
 Third Row—Miss Kiefer, Miss Snow, Mr. Bowman, Miss Arnold.
 Fourth Row—Miss Hill, Mr. Walters, Miss Hudnell, Mr. Hutson.



THE STAFF

Back Row—Reading left to right: Don Fellabaum, Frances Eoff, Frank Suck, Margaret Williams, Richard Mertz, Selma Alexander, Earl Hamilton, Basil Robinson, and Smith.

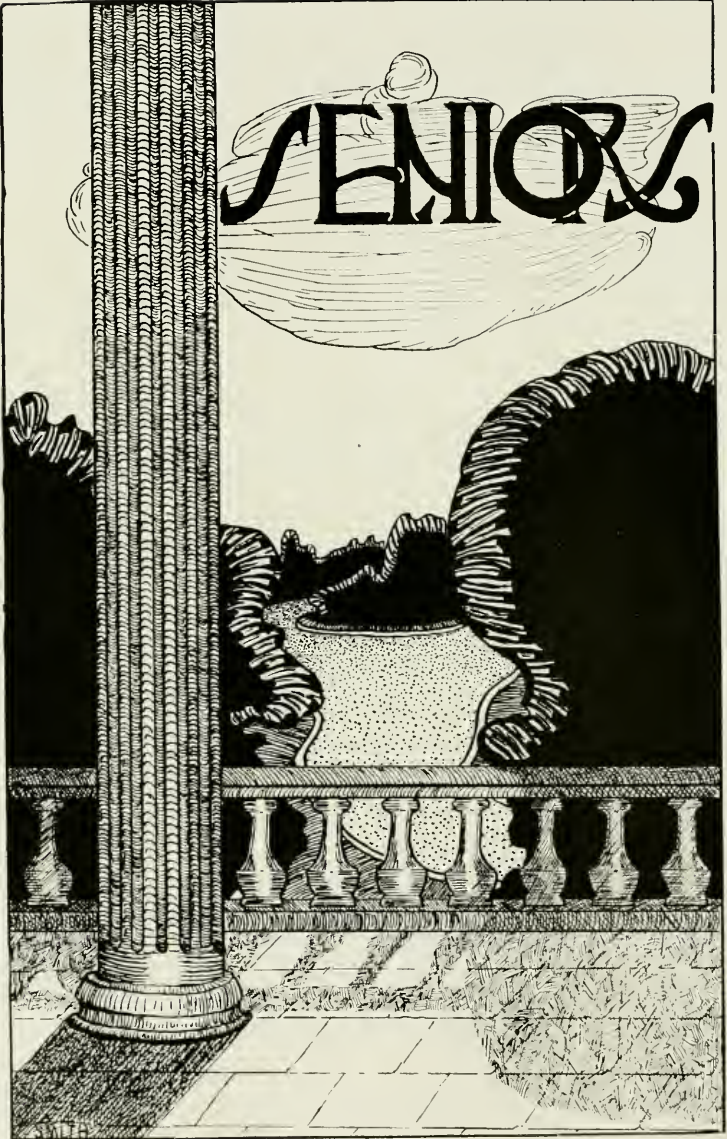
Middle Row—Jack Betts, Grace Rinehart, Carol Pickering, Parker Platt, Dorothy Eller, Justin Glathart, Harold Eckhardt.

Front Row—Thelma Poole, Harry Chatelain, Leon Mertz, Don Gassman, James Bope, Gerald Hendricks, Lorne Moore.

THE BLUE AND GOLD

THE STAFF

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Treasurer.....	Grace Rhinehart



THE BLUE AND GOLD



Top Row—Left to Right

Bottom Row—Left to Right

Albert Boss—"Bert"

"Hail to the chief who in triumph advances."

- (1) Winner W. S. S. 4-Minute-Speaker Diploma, B. & G. Staff, (1) (3) Rhetoricals, (1) (2) (3) (4) Orchestra, (2) (3) (4) Interscholastic Debate, (2) Justamere, (3) H. S. Representative to Chamber of Commerce, Inter-Class Debate, Rhetorical Committee, Entertainment Committee, Reception Committee, Vice Pres. Justameres, (4) Class President, Hi-Y Club.

Leon Mertz

"His talents are great, his disposition easy, generous and liberal."

- (2) "Bulbul," School Military Co., (2) (3) (4) Orchestra, (3) "Mikado," B. & G. Staff, Rhetoricals, "Touchdown," (3) (4) Inter-Class Debate, Justamere, (4) Good English Week Program, Washington Program, Interscholastic Debate, Class Sec'y., B. & G. Staff, "Iolanthe," "Pals First," Little Sunbeam Quartet.

Grace Rinchart—"Pruddy"

"She was, but would fail to tell thee what,
Think what a woman should be, she was that."

- (1) Philophronean Society, Rhetoricals, (3) Invitation Committee, (4) Glee Club, Class Treasurer, B. & G. Staff, Iolanthe.

Justin Glathart—"The Professor"

He was a scholar,
And a ripe good one.

- (1) Liberty Loan Entertainment, Rhetoricals, (3) Sec'y Class, "Touchdown," (4) Rhetorical Committee, B. & G. Staff, "Pals First," Hi-Y Club, Good English Week Program, Honor Class.

Richard Martz—"Dick"

"In argument they owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished he could argue still."

- (1) Lima H. S., (2) "Bulbul," (3) Rhetoricals, "Touchdown," B. & G. Staff, School Military Co., Entertainment Committee, (3) (4) Inter-Class Debate, Justamere, (4) Vice Pres. Class, President Justameres, Hi-Y Club, Glee Club, Little Sunbeam Quartet, "Iolanthe," B. & G. Staff.

James A. Bope—"Jim"

"The professor asks a question, he rises up straight—way,
And is so full of wisdom he fills us with dismay."

- (1) Winner Scholarship Prize, (1) (3) Class President, (1) (2) (3) (4) Class Basketball, (2) (3) (4) Justamere Club, (2) (3) Interscholastic Debate, (3) President Justameres, Rhetoricals, Inter-Class Debate, B. & G. Staff, (4) President Hi-Y Club, Basketball, Rhetorical Committee, "Pals First," Editor-in-Chief B. & G., Valedictorian.

THE BLUE AND GOLD



Cloyce Norris

"The quiet man may have few friends,
But they are usually close ones."

(1) (2) (3) Crawfis College.

Doris Sharp—"The Vamp"

"Never say 'Dye,' "

(1) Defiance College Academy, (2) Deshler H. S.

Emma Roberts—"Bobby"

"My mind to me a kingdom is
Such perfect joy therein I find."

(1) Cleiorhetean Society, (3) "Touchdown," (4) Glee Club, "Iolanthe," Salutatorian.

Ada Roberts—"Aida"

"A love for study not her only passion."

(1) Vice Pres. Cleiorhetean Society, (3) "Touchdown," (4) Glee Club, "Iolanthe."

Wilbur Burson

I cannot check my girlish blush,
My color comes and goes;
I redden even to my ears,
And sometimes to my nose.

(4) Justamere, S. C. C.

Hazel Brown—"Brownie"

To hide her cares her only art,
Her pleasures, pleasure to impart.

(1) (2) Dunkirk H. S.

Leola Akin

"She was nearly killed once by a train
Of thought entering her mind."

(1) Cleiorhetean Society—Rhetoricals, "Country Minister," (3) Mikado, Basketball, (4) Justamere, S. C. C., S. C. C. Play.

Lillian Johnston—"Jimmy"

"For nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made 'sic anither."

Dayton Williams

"I would rather have posterity inquire why no statues
were erected to me than why they were."

(2) School Military Co., (4) Football.

Erma Dice

If you praised her as charming, some asked what
you meant;
But the charm of her presence was felt where
she went.

(1) Cleiorhetean Society, (4) S. C. C.

THE BLUE AND GOLD

Parker Platt

"The hearty grasp, the honest gaze,
The voice that means the thing it says."

- (1) W. S. S. Committee, (1) (2) (3) (4) Class Basketball, (2) (4) Basketball, (3) Decorating Committee, Football, "Touchdown," (4) Varsity Football, Hi-Y Club, B. & G. Staff, "Pals First."

Alice Cole

"God made her small in order to do a more choice
bit of workmanship."

- (1) Vanlue H. S., (3) Mikado, Basketball, (4) Just-amerc, Glee Club, Good English Week Program, Inter-Class Debate, "Iolanthe."

Harold G. Eckhardt—"Ecky"

His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him
that Nature might stand up and say to all the
world—"This is a man."

- (1) (3) Rhetoricals, (3) Football Reserves, "Touchdown," Reception Committee, (4) Rhetorical Committee, Pres. Athletic Association, Varsity Football, Hi-Y Club, B. & G. Staff, "Pals First."

Ethelda Williams—"Roxy"

"When a laddie's in the case,
You know all other things give place."

- (1) Class Play, (3) "Touchdown," (4) Glee Club, Iolanthe.

Don Fellabaum

"No singer, nor no saint, perhaps,
But well the very best of chaps."

- (1) Rhetoricals, Class Play, (3) "Touchdown," Reception Committee, Reserve Basketball, Decorating Committee, (4) Entertainment Committee, B. & G. Staff, Varsity Football, Capt. Varsity Basketball, Hi-Y Club, "Pals First."

Carol Pickering

"Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles from other maidens are."

- (3) Reception Committee, (4) Sec'y Athletic Association, Rhetorical Committee, S. C. C., "Pals First."

Harold Herman

"Some men were born to be great,
Others merely—to eat."

- (1) (2) (3) Vanlue H. S.

Ida Mae Rudolph

"I know what study is; it is to toil
Hard through the hours of the sad midnight watch."

- (2) Literary Club, (4) Glee Club.

Cloyce Thomas—"Doc"

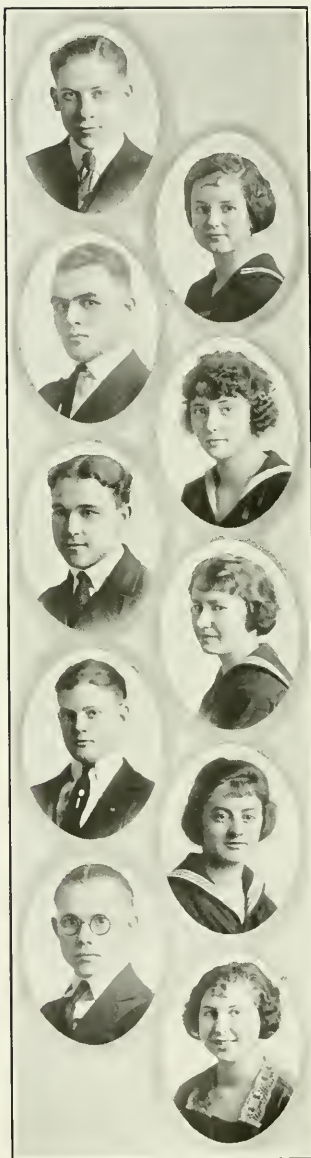
"Direct not him; his way himself will choose."

- (1) Liberty Loan Entertainment, (2) (3) Band, (2) (3) (4) Orchestra, (4) Class Basketball, Class Cheer Leader, Glee Club, Iolanthe, Hi-Y Club.

Esther Pressnell

"The devil hath naught in all his quiver's choice.
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice."

- (1) Rhetorical Committee, (2) "Bulbul," (3) Basketball, (4) Glee Club, "Iolanthe."



THE BLUE AND GOLD



Michael Crohen—"Mike"

"An Irishman true and Irish clear through,
"A fine football player and basketball too."

- (1) (2) (3) (4) Varsity Football, (1) Basketball, Mgr. Baseball, (2) Capt. Baseball, Basketball Reserves, Secretary Athletic Association, (3) Executive Committee, (3) (4) Capt. Football, B. & G. Champion Salesman, (3) All N. W. Ohio quarterback, (4) Capt. Class Basketball, First F. H. S. Four Striper in Football.

Mildred Meeks—"Do-Do"

"A stunning blonde is she,
Your friend she'll always be."

- (1) (2) (3) Forest H. S., (4) Social Committee, Ring and Pin Committee, Glee Club.

Helen Weikel—"Dutch"

"Softly her fingers wandered o'er
The yielding planks of ivory floor."

- (1) Philophronean Society, Pianist, (4) Orchestra, Glee Club, Iolanthe.

Mary McCartney

"Nothing could subdue
Her keen desire for knowledge."

- (1) Cleiorhetean Society, (4) S. C. C., Honor Class.

Joe Mitchell—"Cooney"

"Appearances to save, his only care,
So things seem right no matter what they are."

- (1) Class Play, (1) (2) (4) Class Basketball, (2) School Military Co., (4) S. C. C.

Helen Long—"Patty"

"Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh with me at everything."

- (1) (2) Hughes H. S., Cincinnati.

Caroline Carter

"Oh woman! Thou wert fashioned to beguile—
So have all ages said, all poets sung."

- (1) Rhetoricals, (3) Mikado, Basketball, (4) S. C. C.

Donna Carter

"Search ye the wide world everywhere
Her like ye shall not find."

- (1) Rhetoricals, (2) Bulbul, (3) Mikado, (4) S. C. C.

Harold Burket—"Bucket"

Just as bad as the rest of the class.

- (4) S. C. C.

Dorothy Eiler—"Dot"

"Capricious, calm and quiet,
Yet full of merriment, too."

- (1) Music Club, Sec'y Girls' W. S. S. Society, (4) S. C. C., B. & G. Stenographer.

THE BLUE AND GOLD

Orlo Dukes—"Duxy"

"He is not tall; yet for his years he's tall,
His leg is but so-so; and yet 'tis well."
There is a pretty redness in his lips.

- (1) Rhetoricals, (3) Mikado, (4) Class Basketball, Hi-Y Club, Ring and Pin Committee. Property Man for Senior Play.

Lorine Moore—"Lo"

"With a pretty wit and a refreshing personality,
We like her well."

- (1) Liberty Loan Program, (2) B. & G. Staff, (3) Rhetorical Committee, Rhetoricals, Reception Committee, (4) Rhetorical Committee, B. & G. Staff, Property Manager for Class Play.

Anna Dunford—"Nonny"

"Her air is so modest, her aspect so meek,
So simple yet sweet are her charms."

- (3) Basketball, (4) Glee Club.

Helen Sterling—"Petey Dink"

"What care I when I can lie and rest,
Kill time and take life at its very best."

- (1) Class Play, (2) Conservation Day Program, (4) Glee Club, Orchestra.

Donald Dietsch—"Dietschy"

"He was wise; from the top of his head—up."

- (1) Debate, (2) Bulbul, (3) Rhetoricals.

Dorothy Redman—"Dot"

"By heaven! the girl is wondrous fair,
Of all I've seen beyond compare."

- (1) Cleiorhetean Society, (2) "Bulbul," (3) Mikado, (4) S. C. C. Secretary.

Mary Evelyn Hummell

"She's bonnie blooming straight an'd tall,
And long has had my heart in thrall."

Gineth Steen

"She was the fairest of the fair,
The gentlest of the kind."

- (4) "Iolanthe."

Clarence Fox—"Foxy"

"A fine volley of words, gentlemen,
And quickly shot off."

- (1) Marathon, Rhetoricals, Class Track Meet, (2) (3) (4) Interscholastic Debate, (3) Vice President Class, Rhetorical Committee, Inter-Class Debate, Rhetoricals, Justamere, (4) Inter-Class Debate, Hi-Y Club.

Frances Fuller—"Fran"

"She talks and talks and talks; and then she talks some more;
She is always talking, there's no doubt—but what? I do not know."

- (1) Liberty Loan Entertainment, (3) Decorating Committee, Entertainment Committee, (4) Glee Club, Class Prophecy, Social Committee.



THE BLUE AND GOLD



Harry Shaffer—"Chick"

"Not awed to duty by superior sway."

- (3) Class Basketball, (4) Varsity Football, Varsity Basketball.

Caroline McMurray—"Pete"

"As good be out of the world,
As out of the world of fashion."

- (1) Class Treasurer.

Gerald Brickman

"A man of learning, prudent, just
A man of courage fit for trust."

- (4) Decorating Committee S. C. C., S. C. C. Play.

Gertrude Drais

"Here we have quality—not quantity."

- (1) Philophronaeon Society, (4) S. C. C.

Raymond George—"Ray"

"Let's have a good time, fellows!
We'll soon be gone."

- (1) Durango, Colo., H. S., (3) Reception Committee, (4) Hi-Y Club.

Mary Teatsorth—"M. T."

"Her graceful ease and sweetness void of pride
Would hide her faults, if faults she had to hide."

- (1) Liberty Loan Entertainment.

Gerald Hendricks

"He would willingly die to be the main thing at his
own funeral."

- (3) Entertainment Committee, Reception Committee,
(4) Athletic Association, S. C. C., Justamere, B.
& G. Staff, Ring and Pin Committee.

Glenna Ruth Cole

"A little lithe form, just a vision of grace,
And a sweet disposition that shines in her face."

- (1) Cleiorheteon Society, (4) S. C. C., S. C. C.
Play.

Clyde Chain—"Chainey"

I have never heard of them before.
What are women like?

Ruth Wisner—"Rufus"

"It is good—
To lengthen to the last a sunny mood."

- (3) Invitation Committee, Entertainment Committee,
Basketball, "Touchdown," (3) (4) Justamere Club,
(4) Glee Club, Decorating Committee, Iolanthe.

THE BLUE AND GOLD

Ralph Malcolm

"The more we study, the more we ourselves discover our ignorance."

(4) S. C. C., S. C. C. Play.

Helen Hoffman—"Huffy"

"Why think?

By thinking one grows old."

(1) Philophronean Society, Rhetoricals, (3) Basketball, (4) S. C. C., S. C. C. Play.

Norman Minnich

"True as the needle to the pole, or as the dial to the sun."

June Slagle

So sweetly virtuous and pure,
And yet a little spry, be sure.

(3) Justamere Club.

Leon Blackman

"With loads of learned lumber in his head."

(4) S. C. C.

Mabel Spangler

"Indeed she has her opinion on all things
And none can change it."

(1) Philophronean Society, (3) Mikado, (4) S. C. C.

Regina Blankenhorn

"A meek and gentle little maid,
Of work and trouble unafraid."

(1) Cleiorhetean Society, (4) Glee Club.

Iva Grossman

"She has a sunny disposition."

Cecil Woodward

"So very kind, and yet so shy."

(1) Arlington H. S.

Opal Fickle

She is not false; but she is "fickle."

(4) S. C. C.



THE BLUE AND GOLD



W. Sherman Alge—"Sherm"

"Nothing endures but personal qualities."

(1) Arlington H. S., (4) S. C. C.

Violet Huch

A woman's heart is like the moon—always changing.
But there's always a man in it.

(1) Philophronean Society, Rhetoricals, B. & G. Staff, (4) S. C. C.

Ruth Baker

"Sunshine and good humor all the world over."

(1) Secretary Cleiorhortean Society.

Mary Palmer

"Happy am I, from care I'm free!
Why aren't they all content'd like me?"

(3) Basketball, "Touchdown."

Willard Grooms—"Willie"

"Let the world slide, let the world go,
A fig for a care, a fig for a woe."

(1) Rhetoricals, (4) S. C. C., Park Board, "Pals First."

Rowie Binkley—"Bink"

"And she's blithe as she's bonnie
She's guid as she's fair."

(1) Philophronean Society, Rhetoricals, (4) S. C. C., S. C. C. Play.

Lenna Foreman

"Why don't the men propose, Mamma
Why don't the men propose?"

(1) Philophronean Society, (4) S. C. C.

Gladys Porter

"A mind of your own is worth four of those
of your friends."

(1) Homer H. S.

Harold Roberts

"Deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my books."

(1) Four Minute Speech, (4) Glee Club.

Ruth Reed

"She is none of your made-up beauties,
Her charms are of the lasting kind."

(1) Art Club, (4) S. C. C., S. C. C. Play.

THE BLUE AND GOLD

Howard Henderson—"Buzz"

"He is a proper man's picture."

President S. C. C., S. C. C. Play.

Margaret Williams—"Peg"

"Your smile is always welcome,
And your words are full of wit."

- (1) Pianist, Class Secretary, (3) Girls' Basketball,
(4) Entertainment Committee, Assistant Cheer
Leader, B. & G. Staff.

Anna Fern Williams

"Both practical and good—
What more can be said?"

- (1) Philophronean Society, (4) Justamere Club,
Washington Program.

Fern Hosman

"Her air, her manner all who saw, admired,
Courteous though coy; gentle though retired."

- (1) Philophronean Society, Philophronean Play, (4)
S. C. C.

Don Stillberger

"And 'tis remarkable, that they
Talk most who have the least to say."

- (1) Rhetoricals, W. S. S. Committee, (2) (3) (4)
Class Basketball, (3) School Military Co.

Gertrude Wilbur—"Gertie"

"Careless she is, with artful air;
Affecting to seem unaffected."

- (3) Rhetoricals, Inter-Class Debate, "Mikado."

Frances Montgomery—"Fritz"

"I'm what I seem, not any dyer gave
But nature dyed this color that I have."

- (1) Cleiorhetean Society, Class Play, (3) Mikado,
(4) S. C. C., S. C. C. Play.

Edna Musser—"Ed"

"She is young, wise, fair,
In these to Nature she's immediate heir."

- (1) Cleiorhetean Society, (3) Rhetorical Committee,
Touchdown, (4) Glee Club.

Leonard Smith—"Smitty"

"All great men are dead—and
I'm not feeling well myself."

- (1) Cleiorhetean Society, Class Play, (2) (3) (4)
B. & G. Staff, (4) Decorating Committee, Glee
Club, Hi-Y Club, Little Sunbeam Quartet,
Iolanthe.

Mary Stahl

"Alas! when woman looks too kind,
Some youth is walking close behind."

- (1) (2) Hoytville H. S., (4) Girls' Glee Club,



THE BLUE AND GOLD



Harry Chatelain—"Dutch"

"Business is my motto."

(4) B. & G. Staff, S. C. C., S. C. C. Play.

Ilo Cramer

"She is a winsome wee thing."

(1) Philophronean Society, Rhetoricals (4) S. C. C.

Mabel Tucker

"Void of all deception,
She speaks her mind without hesitation."

(1) Philophronean Society, Class Play.

Celia Allion—"Freckles"

"Full of the deepest truest thought,
Doing the very thing she ought."

(1) Music Club, (4) S. C. C.

Floyd Thomas

"Music washes away from the soul the lust of
everyday life."

(1) (2) (3) (4) Orchestra.

Nelda Geahry

"Her hair was rolled in many a curious fret,
Much like a rich and curious coronet."

(3) Basketball, (4) S. C. C.

Marguerite Gaines

"You can depend on her for every duty.
She is as true as steel."

(4) "Pals First," Ring and Pin Committee.

Marie Walters

"When she was blithe, she was bonnie
And meek and sweet in company."

(1) Philophronean Society, Rhetoricals, (4) S. C. C.

Allen Moyer

"Men of few words are the best men."

Margaret Sherwood

"What she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best."

(1) Bucyrus H. S., (3) Justamere Club.

THE BLUE AND GOLD

Virgil Barger—"Virge"

"Oh! If I could only grow."

- (1) B. & G. Staff, (3) Rhetoricals, Class Treasurer,
(3) (4) Orchestra, Justamere, (4) Entertainment
Committee, Decorating Committee, Glee Club.

Nellie Amsler—"Nell"

"As charming was this pretty maid,
As were the melodies she played."

- (1) Vice P. Philiphrean Society, (1) (3) Rhetor-
icals, (3) Rhetorical Committee, (4) Entertain-
ment Committee, (2) (3) (4) Orchestra.

Hugh McKay—"Buda"

"Cutest little feller everybody knows."

- (3) Rhetorical Committee, Park Board.

Laura Auseon

"I am devoted to study. Worthy books are my com-
panions."

- (1), (2), (3) Springfield H. S.

Clyde Rodabaugh

"He is one of our students who knows,
How much: grace, strength and dignity lie in repose."

- (1) (2) (3) Dunkirk H. S.

Lucy Fox—"Emmy"

"A smile for all, a welcome glad
A jovial coaxing way she had."

- (2) Arbor Day Program, (4) Glee Club, Social Com.

Norman Blackman

"I rise in the morning early; study moderately; eat
and drink cheerfully; I take my innocent pleasures
freely."

- (4) S. C. C.

Charlotte Gerlinger

"Sometimes forward, sometimes coy,
Yet she never fails to please."

- (2) Conservation Program, (3) Mikado, (4) Glee
Club, S. C. C., "Iolanthe."

Eugene Krouse

"Thinking is an idle waste of thought."

- (1) Class Play, Sec'y Liberty Loan Fund, (4) Just-
mere, S. C. C., "Pals First."

Elizabeth Bayless—"Betty"

"With test tube and slide a bug germ she spied,
To be a physician is her one ambition."

- (3) Nurse in Hospital, (4) Interscholastic Debate,
Ring and Pin Committee.



THE BLUE AND GOLD



Annabel Barnhart

"Attractive—who will deny it?
Always dressed in mode quite new."

HISTORY OF SENIOR CLASS

BOOK OF FRESHMANISIS

In the beginning, knowledge created books and volumes. And these were read by but few and the spirit of knowledge moved through the pages of these books and volumes. And knowledge said, Let these be studied, and they were studied. And so it came to pass in the reign of the good King Darius, that the children of ignorance set out for the promised land, and arrived in the outlying provinces of the Kingdom of Knowledge.

And when they had arrived and pitched their tents, messengers of the king came bearing parchments and scrolls, and then read the law of the land to them. And after they had been duly registered, work was allotted them by the emissaries and they were placed under the directors and taskmasters. And their pay was allotted quarterly. And when the first payment came due, the children of ignorance gathered around the taskmasters and received payment, each according to his own ability. And cries arose against the king—but soon subsided.

Now it happened that the subjects of King Darius held high festivals to the number of three and four times a year. And on each occasion the children of ignorance journeyed to the metropolis and took part therein. And their hearts were exceedingly glad when they were permitted to digress from their daily labors and hold a festival in the Metropolis (The Country Minister).

And so it came to pass that the fourth payment fell due and again the children of ignorance gathered to receive the allotment.

And the good King Darius issued an edict that all who had received an average of seventy shekels per payment for the year were too valuable to remain in the provinces to live in the imperial city. And when this became known there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth by a few, but the many were exceedingly glad and shouted joys praise to the King. And of those who had sorrowed, some went forth from the country never to return, and some stayed in the provinces, but of those who had been faithful, nearly all went to live in the metropolis.

BOOK OF SOPHMOROSENESS

And when they arrived in the imperial city, they were quartered amongst the townspeople. And they learned that the system of payment and rates by which they had been paid in the provinces and the system of supervision was the same throughout all the kingdom, even unto the capital city. And they marveled at its justness (?) and were content. And many did neglect their work because they had done excellent work the year before. And so it came to pass, that King Darius did become angry and calling these wayward ones to the palace, he did confer with them. And they were much frightened and did fall down and weep, saying "Mercy, Oh King, Mercy," but the King was steadfast and replied, "For work alone shall ye be recompensed. Show unto me that ye are worthy and ye shall not suffer my wrath." And they went forth, much impressed and did work diligently for a while.

And there came wise men representing a great nation from the northeast but were sent back defeated in argument.

THE BLUE AND GOLD

And many more times during the year were people called to the royal palace for conference. And it came to pass when the last quarterly payment fell due and again the people had gathered around the king he spake thus, saying "For the most part ye have been diligent in the work of the kingdom and to those will fall the reward. Ye, my children, have known the requirements which ye were to have met. Blame yourselves, then, have they not been met ere this. To those who have had an average income of seventy or more shekels per quarter, Ye are to be advanced into the ranks of the nobility. But to ye who have not, I say unto you, whosoever would succeed must toil by the sweat of the cerebrum. Get thee out of my sight and see that ye come better prepared at the next reckoning."

BOOK OF JUNIORIDUS

Now there was in the Kingdom of Knowledge, a form of government among the nobility, the leader of which body was responsible to the King alone. And the King called the young nobles together and spake unto them, saying "I have called you together, my children, that ye may elect from among your number, a leader, in whom ye have confidence and whom ye will obey. Choose wisely, for the depth of your wisdom shall be determined by your choice." And after much deliberation they chose a young orator of note, a certain flaxen-haired, blue-eyed youth, Jamisius Alerionius Bope. And as his assistant a certain fiery, rambunctious young orator and warrior was chosen who had been named Clarensius Denverious Fox. Next they elected as chief scribe, Justinerin Glathart by name, and as chief of the money changers, Vergilius Barger. And when the king heard of these he was well pleased and peace reigned supreme—for a while.

And it came to pass that on a day near unto the second quarterly payment, that the nobility held high pastime which were called Xmas Rhetoricalias. And soon after these events, the elders of the nation rebuked the young nobles, saying "Thou art young and foolish. Wherefore dost thou argue." And straightway the young nobles proved themselves the wisest, in three out of four trials. And the elders were amazed and sat in their various corners meditating on deep thoughts. And not content with this, the young nobles held the high festival of the season (The Touchdown).

And as the fourth quarterly payment drew nigh, the king called his young nobles together and said unto them "Ye have known my rulings, and laws. Ye know what is required. Then I say to those of ye who have been faithful and successful, nobly done. Our elders are too old, and soon will perish. So, noblemen of the Kingdom of Knowledge, henceforward from this day ye shall be known as elders and wise men." And they dispersed exceedingly glad for the most part, but hearing as usual the never-ending lamentations of the few.

BOOK OF SENIORICUS

And now that they were elders, each assumed unto himself a new dignity. And every man and woman, wore his dignity around him as a cloak, and went abroad at all times to display it before the eyes of the people; the late arrivals from the provinces and also the young nobles, who had been appointed to the vacant places. And the people were impressed and murmured much admiration.

And when the novelty was no more, the Leader of the year before called a meeting of the elders in the council chamber and made known to them the fact that the time had come when they should choose from among themselves a new leader and chief elder. And when they had chosen by the casting of the ballot to the number of five times, it became known throughout the nation that Albertius Boss had been made the chief elder. For second elder, a man of the rabble was elected, Dickit "Dimples" Martz. The post of venerable chief scribe was given over into the hands of a Leonius Mertz while Gracylius Rhinehart became chief of the exchequer. At which each elder was much pleased and content.

But this contentment was short of life. For it happened one day, when one of the taskmistress' of the elders was absent, the elders did arise in revolt and set about to destroy the city, but changed their cerebral conclusions when the taskmistress returned. And straightway she told the king of this misdemeanor. And the King was exceedingly angry and did issue an edict, prohibiting a mid-year gala day by the elders. And the elders did arise in arms,—but sat down again.

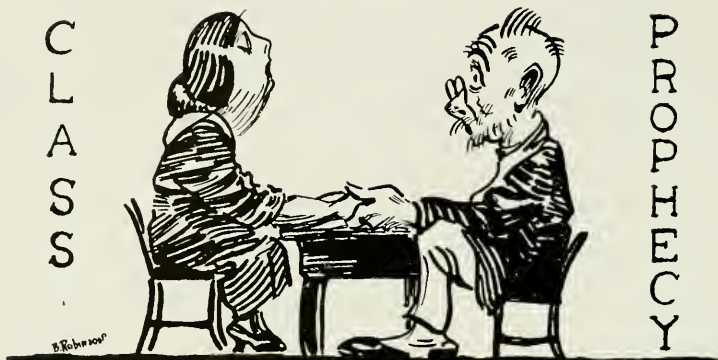
And the elders did ponder together and after much deliberation did set a night for feasting and revelry and as it was not objected to, it was held, and many did come and enjoy it. And it came to pass that the young nobles became angry at the actions of the elders and did argue with them and the elders were defeated.

And when the elders were defeated they were exceedingly wrathful outwardly but they did smile within themselves for it showed that the nobles would be ready in good time to take the places vacated by the elders.

And it came to pass that the elders held high festival after the third payment had been allotted. ("Pals First"). And its success traveled afar to foreign lands and great was its praise. And as a last work, the elders wrote a parchment (Blue and Gold) and they were acclaimed great indeed.

(Continued on Page Twenty-seven)

THE BLUE AND GOLD



As I opened my eyes I saw to my utter astonishment that I was lying on a narrow iron bed. The surrounding white walls and bare floor made me realize it was a hospital cot on which I was laying. But how did I get there? Was it not last night that I received my diploma and was ready to conquer the world? I closed my eyes believing myself to be dreaming or perhaps I was delirious. I became more than ever concerned as a tall white-coated physician came into the room, followed by a sweet faced nurse. As the doctor felt my pulse with his capable hand, I looked up into his kind face and eyes. I nearly suffered a relapse when I saw that the great surgeon, as I know he must be, was no other than my old classmate Orlo Dukes.

When I had collected my scattered wits and could look around, I recognized in the nurse, Elizabeth Bayless, the prize bacteriological student in F. H. S. I begged her to tell me how I came there and how could my friends rise to prominence over night? Was it a fairy tale?

Later Nurse Bayless told me I was in Dr. Dukes' private sanitarium, where he made use of the psychology which he had originally received from Professor Finton. She was the matron, Nurse Bayless informed me, and Gladys Porter and Laura Auscon were her capable assistants.

I was there it seems, because I had suffered a severe shock early in the summer of 1921, fifteen years ago. This shock coming so soon after the exhaustive mental strain of the closing months of our senior year, had caused a lapse of memory. Dr. Dukes had been spending his time and energy to restore it.

When I had recovered sufficiently to leave the hospital, Dr. Dukes asked me if I would care to go with him on a trip to New York and Washington, D. C., in his machine. I needed no urging, but warned him that I would not crank the flivver. He laughed and took me out to a high structure which that of Platt and Glathart made by the firm of Brickman and Krouse. They have a plant which rivals that of Platt and Glathart.

We left for the east at once. As we were passing over Cleveland, I noticed an immense factory with a miniature city around it. I was informed that it was the aero plant of Platt and Glathart. They occupy the grounds vacated by the Minnich and Williams, manufacturers of High School "Note" Paper. Minnich and Williams moved their plant to San Francisco because the note paper, due to its noiseless qualities when it landed on the floor could not be heard. They are incorporated and some of the stockholders are Margaret Sherwood, Wilbur Burson and Glenna Cole. Platt and Glathart have by their combined efforts discovered a means of perpetual motion in aeroplanes. They charge an extra \$30,000 for machines equipped with this, but I have been told it is worth it. One can by this device elude the clutches of the Air Traffic Cop Willard Grooms.

As we wended our way eastward we passed many another aircraft and we hailed Leola Akins and Frances Montgomery on their way to take positions in the offices of Platt and Glathart where they will be private secretaries to Harry Chatelain and Sherman Alge. Some of the others on the office force are Dorothy Redman, Cecil Allen, Caroline Carter, and Ho Cramer, Spanish correspondent.

On inquiring about Carol Pickering, I was informed that Mr. Caro G. Miller was starring her in a recent play at present being staged in Paris. He has two other companies famous for their talent who came from the class of '21. The Roberts twins are leading in the company playing in Twin City, Iowa. Edna Musser and Esther Pressnell have leading vocal roles in the second company. Ralph Malcolm and Cloyce Thomas are with them. Cloyce is still playing the drum and Ralph is an efficient stagehand. These people and the class of '21 who feel so deeply all that Mr. Miller has done for them, presented him with a handsome perfectly fitted aeroplane at their tenth alumni banquet.

I asked for the whereabouts of Donald Dietsch. He, it seems, is over in Paris, minister from the United States. On telephoning to him, I was told he had gone to London to hear Nellie Amnsler and Albert Boss give a concert before the Royal Family. They have with them as accompanist, Helen Weikle who has made quite a reputation. Other members on the program were Eithelda Williams, who gave a few character portrayals and then she and Floyd Thomas gave several selections on the saxophone.

The first person I met in Washington turned out to be Margaret Williams and she told me she was Federal Juvenile Officer. You can imagine my surprise for I had never expected her talent to turn in that direction. Miss Williams was on her way to the Capitol Building to hear a measure discussed in which she was interested. There in the House Chamber with his gavel raised to call the meeting to order, was James A. Bope, Speaker of the House. Alice Cole and Leon Mertz, representatives from the 8th congressional district, were there also.

After Congress had adjourned we went with Miss Cole to her hotel and there met Harold Herman, who had come in the interest of an agricultural measure he wished to see put through. Harold said that Don Stillberger and he had studied under Luther Burbank and that they were about to project upon the long-suffering people a new odorless onion and squirtless grape-fruit. Their wives, Mary Stall Herman and Hazel Brown Stillberger are specializing in egg and chicken business and by a special lighting system are

THE BLUE AND GOLD

making the hens believe there are two days in twenty-four hours. As a result the hens are laying twice as many eggs and the families are considering buying a new aeroplane in order to spend their vast wealth.

As we were leaving the hotel the clerk called to us, and there stood Allen Moyer, owner of the hotel. He said that two of the federal detectives were in the lobby and he thought we would like to see them. We were certainly surprised to see Gertrude Drais and Dorothy Eiler of F. H. S. '21.

That evening we failed to catch our regular aircraft because we felt we couldn't miss hearing Ruth Wisner give her stump speech on "Why Women Should Do As They Please." It was a wonderful speech. I would not have missed hearing it for anything.

In New York we went to the Art Gallery to see Leonard Smith's masterpiece, "The Sunset." I always knew Leonard would make a name for himself. Our business finished, we started back for dear old Findlay. How I longed to get back and find the rest of the class of '21.

We alighted from our plane at the Findlay Grand Aero Station, Dr. Dukes took me to the General Office, where our old friend Gerald Hendricks was giving information as of old. He gave me a copy of the Air Traffic Laws and said Joe Mitchell had the day before been fined \$300 for speeding in a cross current of air and not stopping when Air Cop Grooms fired his gun. Mr. Hendricks pointed out to me the managers office thinking I might be glad to meet again Irma Dice, for that is who it turned out to be. With her was her secretary, Miss Donna Carter.

The first thing I wanted to see now that I was back, was the school and football field. When we turned the Court House corner a lump came into my throat. The familiar building of my school days was gone, and in its place was the modern one we had prayed for way back in our senior year. It is a mammoth building, occupying almost a block and has all the latest improvements. The superintendent is Virgil Barger. In his office I found that some of the class have returned to teach in this new F. H. S. They were Mary McCartney, Spanish teacher; Lorine Moore, who used to teach for Miss Hill occasionally has charge of the French now; Grace Rinehart is doing her best to teach the pupils to fight Caesar's Gallic Wars. Mabel Tucker is teaching Domestic Science. I was also informed that Anna Dunford tried to secure Miss Mills' position as X. Y. Z. instructor, but Miss Mills would not give it up, so Anna is teaching in Blue Pigeon which has grown to the size of Mortimer. Mildred Meeks is Music Instructor, but her orchestra is not able to surpass that of '21. The girls' basket-ball team is ably coached by Mary Palmer, whom we met as she was coming out of the building with Harry Shaffer, the boys' coach and military instructor. They took us to dine in the school lunch room which is in charge of Lenna Foreman and Iva Grossman. I was told that Frances Fuller was at the head of the kindergarten department located on the west side of the building.

After finishing our tour of the building, we started for the Athletic Field, where another shock awaited me. The Blanchard River which had afforded us so much pleasure, was gone. Gone! Was I back in the hospital. No, all that was left was the bathing beach at the park, of which Ruth Baker had charge. Dr. Dukes said that since the mayor, Richard Martz, had been in office he had with the help of the State Waterways Director, Cecil Woodward, finally succeeded in getting an appropriation to straighten the channel of the river and prevent future floods.

The ball field had been improved until it is now one of the best in Northern Ohio. Its improvements were planned and supervised by Don Fellabaum.

On my way back to the City Hall to see the Chief of Police, Clyde Chain, and the truant officer, Annabel Barnhart, I bought a newspaper from the News Stand in front of Clyde Radabaugh's grocery. It turned out to be the paper of Clarence Fox, of which he is owner and editor, called the "Fox News." The personnel of staff includes Mary Teatsorth, Society Editor; Lucy Fox has charge of the "Out in the Country" column which rivals Nelda Geary's "Over the City"; Helen Sterling takes care of the "Want Ads"; June Slagle contributes parodies on famous poems, and Marguerite Gaines writes appreciations on the "Great Men of Today." She has just finished one of James Bope. Both the young ladies have published their works in book form.

I discovered while riding through the town that many of the beautiful houses had been erected by the firm of Burson, Roberts and Norris. Again it was the class of '21 that improved the town. Clyde Norris plans the houses, Wilbur Burson superintends the building, and Harold Roberts does the repair work after they are finished.

Then I rode down Main street. Was the town owned by the class of '21? It seemed so. There was Cineth Steen's confectionery shop with Ida Mae Rudolph posing as the French Chef and turning out the best French pastry I have ever eaten. Mabel Spangler is in charge of the High School girls who serve the hungry public. A little further down the street was the Imperial Movie Theatre, managed by Marie Walters. It is a wonderful experience to go there as you have the speaking and silent drama all in one. A new invention has been made whereby the actors which are being shown on the screen, speak. Fern Williams is hired to censor the pictures before they are shown. Norman and Leon Blackman's Dog and Pony Show was scheduled for the matinee on the day I attended.

Next to the theatre was the Long, Binkley and Johnson Ready to Wear Store. Helen Long and Lillian Johnson have charge of the ready-to-wear, and Rowie Binkley supervises the millinery department.

In the Haberdashery and Barber Shop of Hugh McKay and Howard Henderson, I met Harold Eckhardt, who is manager of the Buckeye Graction Pitcher. He buys all his material from Raymond George, who is connected with the Bethlehem Steel Company.

Across the street from the Barber Shop is the large department store owned and managed by Harold Burket and Violet Hutch. Some of their efficient clerks are: Ruth Reed, head of the glove department; Opal Fickle, notions; Doris Sharp, men's furnishings; Fern Hosman and Regina Blankenhorn have charge of the household supplies.

Near the department store is the sign reading "Cosmetic and Hair Dye Co. In charge of a Specialist." The specialists are Caroline McMurray and Gertrude Wilbur. I feel quite certain they are a big success for I knew them when they did business on a smaller and more private scale.

The City Dairy is in the hands of Helen Huifman and Charlotte Gerlinger. They keep the babies supplied with milk from the farm of Eugene Krouse who lives just outside the city limits of Mortimer.

Oh, how I have enjoyed finding all my old friends. But am I going crazy again? I have just let Mike Crohen sell me a section of the Main Street Wood Block Pavement.

—FRANCES F. FULLER, '21.

THE BLUE AND GOLD



HONOR CLASS

James A. Bope
Mary McCartney

Justin Glathart
Emma Roberts

HONOR CLASS

This picture is the second one of its kind to appear in the Blue and Gold. The four who make up the picture have gained their honorable distinction by the proficiency in their work which they have attained throughout their high school career. Each has an average of ninety per cent. or above in his studies.

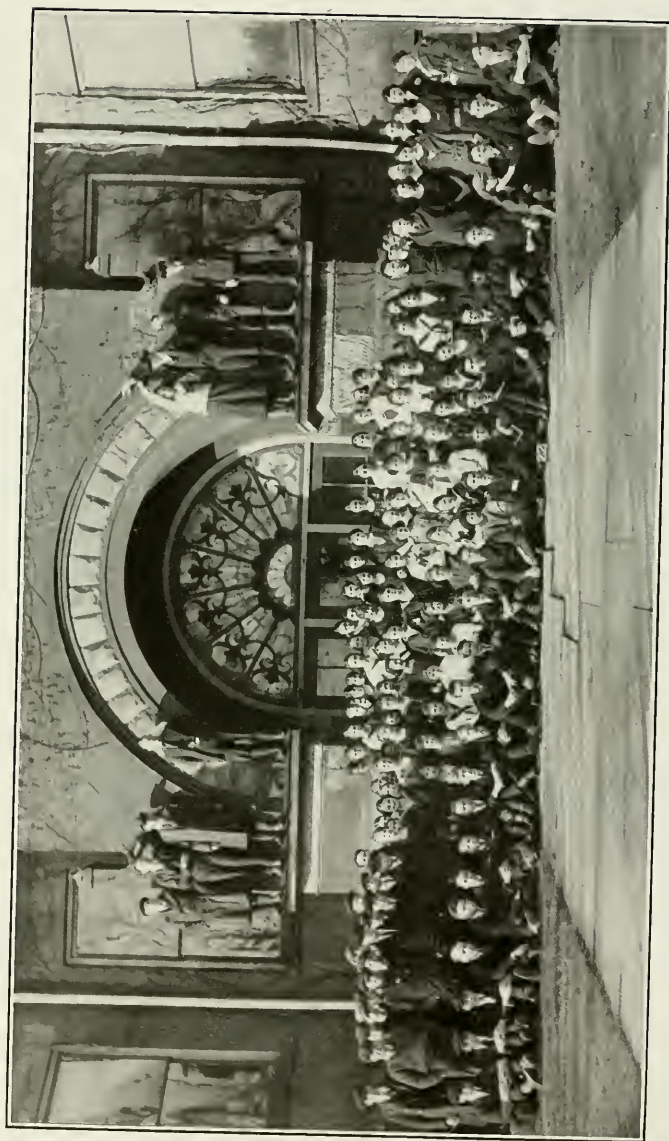
The two who graduated with the highest averages in the classical course are James Bope and Emma Roberts; Justin Glathart ranks third and Mary McCartney is at the head of the Commercial Department.

We wish them good luck and that their attainments may lead them on to success.

—EMMA ROBERTS.

JUNIORS





JUNIOR CLASS

THE BLUE AND GOLD

THE HISTORY OF THE JUNIOR CLASS

Perhaps it was my hard day of study that made me sleepy; perhaps it was that big supper I had eaten that made me uneasy. Anyway, I know it was those mince pies that made me dream. Scene after scene flitted across my mind and that much-traveled road, the Past, again played upon the screen of my mind.

Once again I was a Freshman under the wise and sedate guidance of Miss Kiefer, romping playfully on the nice front lawn of the Lincoln school, or casting awe-filled looks at that teeming center of work, grades, and teachers—soon to be my abode—The High School! Ah! Can I ever forget Armistice Day and that glorious time we all had in yelling days of Class fights when one saw a Senior flag flaunting in the breeze every time he turned his head? Those were days of real joy! (Note—There has been a Senior flag up for a month).

And with this my internal disturbances subsided for a while only to revive with two-fold intensity later. This time, as from a haze, I saw our great exchange, the assembly room, and realized that I was again passing through that hustle-bustle only allowed on the first day of school. I, among some others of my low rank, sought seats as near to the eastern side of the assembly room as possible, only to be disappointed some two weeks later and placed in a seat befitting my size and rank (front row).

Months passed by and my wandering mind focused itself on that great day for the Sophomores, when, after the school had been canvassed by both Seniors and Juniors, we Sophomores sold more Xmas Seals than either of the other classes. It was then that the upper classmen realized the power of our efforts and our willingness.

At this point my reveries underwent some violent agitations coincident, I suppose, with those all-important examinations the last week of May. As a whole, things went well, however, and soon we were casting uneasy thoughts into the future when we would be dignified "Juniors," and more would be expected of us.

Three months elapsed, and again I found myself strolling the halls of good old Findlay High School; inspecting the new throng of Sophomores; and commenting on this or that as was now our privilege as dignified "Juniors." After all things had been arranged to the utmost satisfaction of our good friend but severe dictator, Mr. Finton, and work had been started in earnest, our class decreed that the helm of our "Ship of State" should be placed in the hands of one Donald Gassman, who has directed affairs as only a born leader and speaker can.

Up to this time we had all dreaded our turn at Rhetoricals. At last the storm clouds of stage fright gathered over our heads. The storm broke—a few sentences—thunderous applause—everyone will admit the success of our Junior Rhetoricals.

Our class play, "Officer 666," will long be remembered in more than fanciful dreams as the best class play ever presented at the high school by all those who were present. Tales of its success, and the appreciation of the public would fill a book.

The last picture which presented itself before my troubled mind was that of the Junior-Senior debate. The result, not long in doubt, is indicated by the Junior colors which have been flaunted before the eyes of the Seniors since that time from the folds of a much-coveted debating banner adorning the south wall of the assembly room.

Now the cavortings of my over-stuffed machinery began to subside, and my visions also. As from out of a great gloomy silence, I heard my mother saying, "Oh let him sleep. We'll not make him study tonight. Tomorrow is the last day of school."

—FRANK SLICK, '22.

HISTORY OF SENIOR CLASS

(Continued from Page Twenty-one)

And when they had become old and infirm, the King summoned them before him and ordered that a passport be given them to the new land of the great beyond. And then he advised and counseled with them, saying, "My children, for four years have I watched thee, thy sins and thy virtues, thy weaknesses and strong points. And I have tried to teach thee concerning what is good and to distinguish good from evil, to cling to that which is good, and cast from thee, that which is evil. Soon ye shall pass out into the great beyond never to return. Many shall be your trials and tribulations but if ye have been dutiful, ye shall survive, for hark ye, it shall be a survival of the fittest.

"There are two paths, the one straight and narrow, with difficulties hard to surmount but with a wonderful goal; the other, the primrose path to poverty, wretchedness and misery. And ye shall take the path that ye are fitted to surmount. And ye can never take the other path without having returned to the starting point. In other words, ye can never start right without getting rid of the factors that bid ye tread the other path. Hesitate and ye are lost.

"Choose wisely, then, the straight and narrow one, be honest, conscientious, hard-working and ye shall succeed. I need say no more; go ye forth and remember that ye are the makers of yourselves, your future and your destinies."

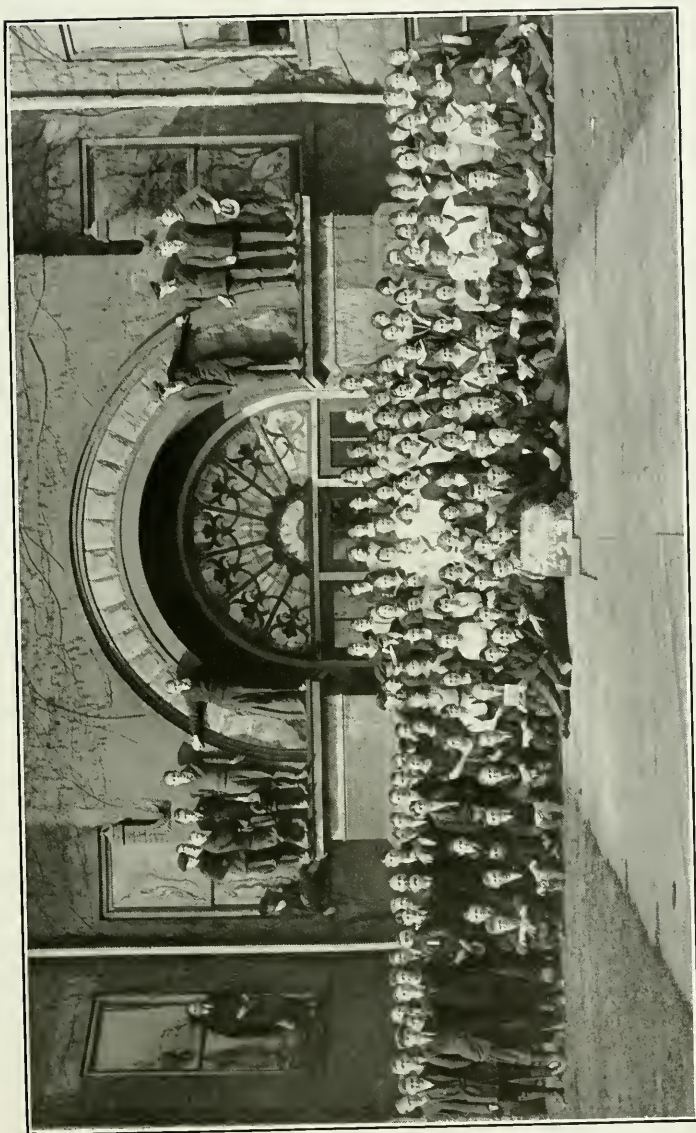
Thus passed away the Children of King Darius and he was alone until the following year.

—RICHARD MARTZ, '21.

SOPHOMORES



SOPHOMORE CLASS



THE BLUE AND GOLD

HARK! We are assembled here.
WHERE! Assembly Room of Findlay High.
WHEN! 8:30 o'clock in glorious September, 1920.
WHO! Independent Sophomores.
WHY! Oh, such a question!

Now, beloved readers, do you really want to know why? Well, you shall see for yourselves, for this is a wonderful year. **WHY ARE WE HERE?**

Of course, we obliging Sophomores must take our place along with the advancing Juniors and oppressing Seniors; but we will submit to this as long as Mr. Finton continues to make those endless speeches, "For the benefit of the Sophomores."

Think, Sophs! Does this not recall the past? Just one year ago we, the Honorable, were entering the Washington and Lincoln Schools as "Freshies" and were doomed to listen to the urgent requests of Miss Jacobs and Miss Kiefer. We are thankful that they so kindly helped us to pave the way for the future.

But this is another year. Early in the fall, the upper classmen wanted to show their ability, so Mr. Finton granted the privilege of presenting a program for the morning exercises. Albert Boss hopped upon the platform and delivered his carefully prepared speech which told of the glowing success of the class. Clap, clap! Then "first classes" from the lips of our principal.

Another week arrived and another Wednesday morning in cold December. The Junior President, Don Gassman, is now heard saying, "Mr. Finton, Members of the Faculty, Juniors and Classmates." There—he is exhausted! Clap, clap, clap, clap!

But wait! These little speeches are nothing compared with what he honorable Sophomores can do for we have risen to fame. We are living in the month of February. Today is Monday and this is our morning. Already, Selma Alexander is on the platform and has gloriously addressed her audience. She is telling of the well-built plans of the Sophomores and of the unspeakable talent that they possess. Yes, and she does not forget our Rhetoric teachers, Miss Kiefer and Miss Beardsley, who are doing so much to prepare us for more great speeches. Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap, clap! The first classes are called and oh, the heaps of congratulations bestowed upon Miss Alexander.

WHY ARE WE HERE?

Good King English came to spend a whole week with us. How glad we were to entertain such a grand visitor, whom we welcomed with all our hearts. All the pupils were required to make posters in order to better the condition of this great king. The best of these posters were placed in the store windows, and the rest were exhibited in the class room. Of course, splendid results in the use of English were accomplished. For the first time the Sophomores were permitted to present a significant play for the morning exercises in honor of our guest. To be certain, this was also a great success. The promise made by the students of the cast to honor the King was much appreciated by the audience.

Well, Christmas was coming and we once more did our share. A campaign was conducted among the Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors for the sale of Christmas Seals. As usual our superiors were plotting to be victorious in this affair. The Sophomores were quietly thinking and developing their plans also and consequently won second place in the contest. Notice, readers; we were not asleep.

About the middle of January, Mr. Roberts, the new supervisor of music, thought the music department of Central High ought to present some of their talent to the public. A successful entertainment was staged. Miss Betty Brickman, of whom the Sophomores are proud, played the accompaniment for the Glee Clubs.

When we heard the call of the Near East, we again responded generously. We saw the needs of the suffering humanity and readily gave our bit that we might help save the starving nations. Of our class, Ethel Dorsey contributed ten dollars to this worthy cause.

Yes, the Sophomores of the class of '23 were granted a privilege which no other class has ever enjoyed. We sincerely hope that the future Sophomors will have the same right. Rhetoricals were given in the auditorium by some of our ablest classmates. Several scenes were presented from the dramatic play entitled, "Abraham Lincoln." All spectators were filled with wonder and amazement when Newton Fridley, representing this noblest character of all generations, skillfully showed his love and generosity for the suffering people of America. The other members of the cast splendidly and gracefully fulfilled their mission and brought the play to a successful close.

Does this not interest you? It does the Sophomore. Think of the activities of our boys. They have taken their place in athletics and they are developing into strong, handsome men for the future. It is a real pleasure to see athletes play a clean, lively game of basket ball or football as our boys do. May the Athletic Association become strengthened.

Woe unto you, readers! If you fail to see, hear, and understand what dear old F. H. S. is doing. The world is alive with song. F. H. S. is alive with song, for just listen to this: An opera staged by the music department of Findlay High School, with all special parts prepared by students of unusual talent. The Sophomores have talent of exceptional quality.

Finally, we begin to hear the sweet carol of the birds and behold the beautiful sunshine. We then turn our attention to the open air sports and come to the realization that we no longer are puzzled why Caesar fought the Helvetians and the Germans, why x=y and p=q, and why all the Christians were so cruelly tortured.

NOW! WHY ARE WE HERE?

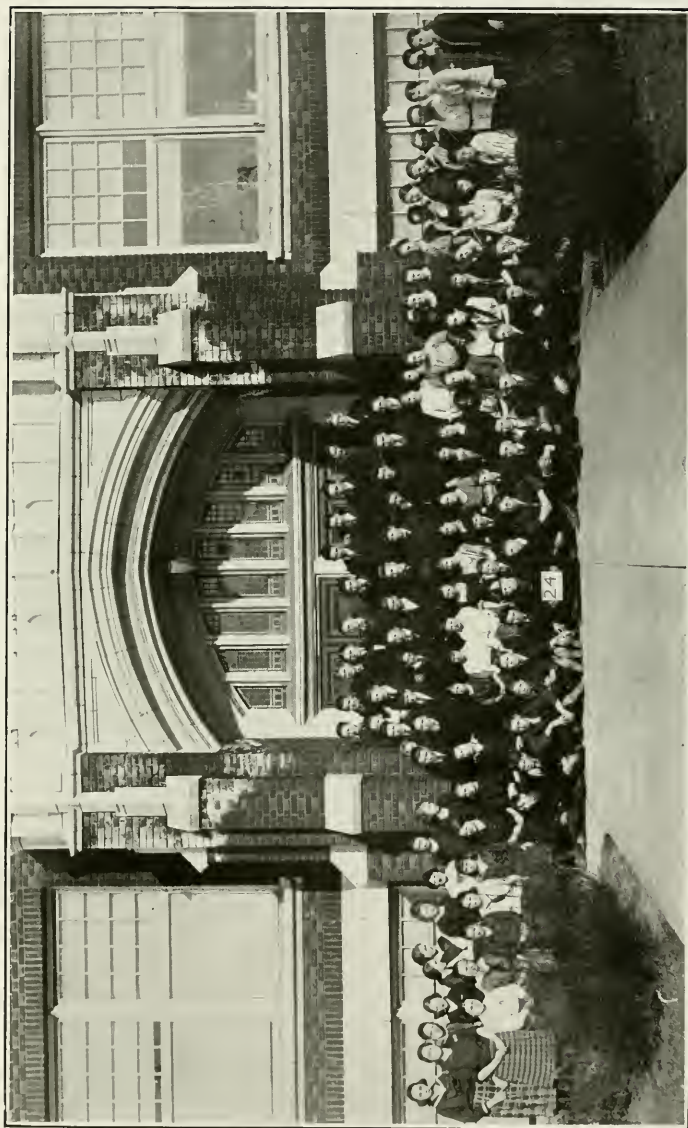
Alas, our race is run and most of us have reached our goal in safety.

WHO ARE WE? Prospective Juniors of '23.

—SARAH NEWCOMER.

FRESHMEN





WASHINGTON FRESHMEN

THE BLUE AND GOLD

WASHINGTON HISTORY.

SEPTEMBER.

- 14-15. Registration days.
16. Mix up of classes.
20. Football practice begins.
21. Miss Kuenzli celebrates her 52nd birthday with a short Latin assignment. (Magnis cum clamoribus.)
24. First party of the season.
27. Noticeable dressing of the hair on the part of the boys.
30. Students recover from a daze caused by the first days of school.

OCTOBER.

1. Football challenge to Lincoln "Freshies."
5. Windows beautified by flower boxes.
- Thanks, Joe Ann.
8. Plans made for the organization of different clubs.
10. Challenge of Oct. 1 was refused. Lincolns fail to show up.
15. Clubs organized.
21. Miss Jacobs has a large birthday cake with fifteen candles.
22. Fire Prevention Week. Special program by the science department.
- Zack Montgomery saves our beautiful school with one of "them there" fire extinguishers.

NOVEMBER.

1. "Them" melancholy days have "came."
3. Plans made for "self government."
6. Straw vote taken to settle election.
7. Officers of Student Council elected.
10. Announcement for a half holiday for Armistice Day. Cheers for—the holiday.
11. Student Council meeting in morning. 100 per cent in the parade (picture show.)
12. The old grind is resumed.
15. Basket ball team is organized.
20. Social room provided. (Room 4.) Washington pupils really have a place to talk. Teachers nearly deafened by the whispering.
26. Turkey Day.
27. Dr. Pill to the aid.
30. Assembly room appears "lean."

DECEMBER.

5. Defeat Eagles, 20-8.
8. First social meeting of the clubs.
9. Miss Gilbert has the honor of eating her own cooking.
10. Glee club starts practice.
11. Ear drums affected.
15. Defeat Arcadia, 14-7.
22. Glee club program.
23. Lose first game of season, 14-13.
24. W. H. S. makes a gift of \$133.50 to the Near East Relief Fund.
- 22-Jan. 4. Students and teachers receive a much needed rest.

JANUARY.

1. We swear off all our bad habits. Resolved: To study magna cum diligetia.
2. We break our first resolution.
4. School begins after holiday vacation.
- Mr. Shull returns with "Mrs." Shull.

5. Teachers seem refreshed especially Miss Battrick.
8. Defeat eighth grade, 27-8.
17. Before Exams.
- The Lord of Hosts, be with us yet.
- Lest we forget, Lest we forget.
21. After Exams.
- The Lord of Hosts was with us not, For we forgot, for we forgot.
- Cause—
F—ierce questions,
L—ate hours,
U—expected problems.
N—ot prepared,
K—icked out.

FEBRUARY.

3. Girls' Glee Club pins much in evidence. Especially noticeable on George Cole, Fred Leary, and Ralph Stanfield.
10. 8:30. One hundred per cent subscription for the Blue and Gold asked for.
- 8:32. One hundred per cent subscription for the Blue and Gold obtained.
14. Defeated Arcadia, 17-15.
- Miss Jacobs receives a \$.10 valentine from her—(?). (Miss Kuenzli jealous).
28. Defeat Lincolns, 17-14.

MARCH.

1. March comes in like a lamb but it carries chicken pox to Betty.
3. Sure signs of spring: First robin. Girls carry around fashion journals. Mack Vorhees discards winter sweater and appears in coat collar and tie. Has he a date?
4. Basket ball team poses for the "birdie."
7. Alexander the Great is conquered by the History class.
8. Science class becomes "flighty."
9. The various clubs outdo each other in trying to break the camera.
10. Edward Misamore has spontaneous combustion. This is due to overeating and over-work.
11. Mr. Roberts overcomes his only difficulty by reaching a very high note.
13. Faculty attends Sunday School.

APRIL.

1. Miss Kuenzli bites on a chocolate cream.
- Miss Battrick refuses to bite.
- Miss Jacobs swallows the hook, line, sinker and part of the pole.
8. Astronomy club program.
22. Classical Club has a Latin exhibit.
29. W. H. S. basket ball team entertained by Student Council.

MAY.

2. The beginning of the end.
- 1... Social sessions of all clubs.
20. All's well that ends well.
- The faculty (overheard talking in the hall) "I think this is the best class that ever entered the doors of the Washington High School." Cho—"I do to."
- Do they mean it?

THE BLUE AND GOLD

WASHINGTON ORGANIZATIONS

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council is the representative organization of the student body of Washington High School. Its duty is to advise, to recommend how the school's private funds shall be spent, and to make plans and rules for the welfare of the school. The Student Council is composed of representatives from the various clubs, and the officers elected from the student body at large. These officers are: Ruth Reimund, president; Ralph Stanfield, vice-president; Doris Alexander, secretary. The Council has provided two great privileges for our school. A social room was created where we have permission to talk and move about as we choose. A reading room was provided where we may find the best current magazines. Arrangements were made for social events, assembly programs, and drill in parliamentary law. Vigilance Committee, appointed by the Council, were successful in bringing about certain needed repairs. Thus the Student Council is the connecting link between the faculty and the student body, or, as some one has said, it is the "Backbone" of Washington High School.

H2 SO4

This Club was organized October 16, 1920, with an enrollment of thirty-two members. The object of this club is to study the City of Findlay, and other topics of interest. At the first business meeting the officers and name of our club was chosen. The next morning when Miss Jacobs, the faculty advisor, made the announcement that our president was Ruth Reimund; Vice-President was Marion Clark; Secretary, Donnetta Bird, and Critic, Vernon Burns, there was a stamping of feet and half gasped expressions such as: "Oh Gee, they have us beat already!" The name chosen was H2 SO4.

This club celebrated Fire Prevention Day with a program of talks illustrations and experiments to show how the majority of fires might be prevented. The program was highly successful in spite of the fact that Page's spontaneous combustion experiment failed to "combust."

The first social meeting was held at the home of Ralph Stanfield where many of the members took their first course in Astronomy by making a trip to the moon. Almost the entire membership enjoyed the evening which was full of surprises, games, and best of all, the delicious spread.

Among other topics of interest is the study of our wonderful and prosperous city. The leading industries were visited and notes were taken on the important parts of the factories. The following factories and public buildings were visited: Cigar, Glessner Medicine Co., Buckeye Traction Ditcher Co., Findlay Electric Porcelain Co., Findlay Clay Pot Co., T. B. G. & S. Light & Power Co., Adams Axle Co., Sugar Beet Co., Findlay Publishing Co., Giant Tire & Rubber Co., Phoenix Hotel, and the Findlay jail. There is one meeting a month to report on the factories and their activities.

—VERNON BURNS, BERYL AMSLER.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

It seems just natural for us to sing. Our music has never been flat. We gave a musical program at Washington High School and we sang for the Parent-Teachers' Association. Gradually our fame spread abroad, and we were invited to sing for the Stoker Post of the G. A. R. We are often complimented because we sing so dolce. We are just naturally sharp. Perhaps that is why we are the only organization in school that has club pins. You should hear us sing animato, that old favorite, "The Torpedo and the Whale," the one "the ladies loved so." Both Mr. Edison and Mr. Victor have urged us to sing for phonograph records for them. The contract has not yet been made, but they will be widely advertised by all music stores and you will probably be able to secure them sometime. Florence Myers wields the baton (that, dear reader, is the stick flourished by the leader) and Mr. Roberts is our faculty advisor. The officers of the club are: President, Ruth Marjorie Waggoner; secretary, Thelma Stough, and assistant secretary, Marjorie Morris.

FINE

—FLORENCE DE RODES.

Coda: What would a glee club be without an accompanist? We know we couldn't get along without our Florence De Rodes. She is second only to Paderewski.

THE CLASSICAL CLUB

Amici Carissimi:

There were many sighs of disappointment ubi nuntiatum est that the Classical Club was limited to members of the Latin Class. Everyone seemed to know a homam rem when they saw it and nobdy was mistaken, for without a doubt this club est duum of them all, quod erat demonstrandum. In the contest to see which club would first have one hundred per cent in the subscriptions for the Blue and Gold, the Classical Club proved its leadership. Plans have been made for a Latin exhibit to be given in April. The members have been divided into three groups (non omnia possumus omnes) to make the affair a success: one group is to take charge of the dramatic features of the program, one to take charge of the music, and the other to supervise the preparation of posters for the exhibit. This display will no doubt confirm the name of the club. The aim of the exhibit is to show the practical as well as the cultural value of the study of Latin. Three of the members of the Classical Club are on the W. H. S. basketball team—that's where they get their "class." At our first social session we made more noise than any other club in the school. In fact fecimus ita multum clamorem that a window pane was pulverized. I understand that this is the first Classical Club which has been at the W. H. S., but when others see the success and fun we have had, surely they will want a Classical Club next year and the next and also the next. They will want them forever! Florence De Rodes, Ralph King and Edward Misamore are respectively, secretary, vice-president and president. Miss Kuenzli is the faculty advisor.

Semper idem,

—EDWARD MISAMORE.

ORCHESTRA

FLORENCE MEYERS, Student Director

WHO CAN BEAT—

Thelma Stough on the Ding Dings; Rowena Haley on the Toot Toot; Velma Cramer on the Fiddle; Jeanette Bonham on the Baritone; Hatty Runyan on the Sax; Vernon Vandersall on the Toot Toot; Irene Wolgamot on the Fiddle; Florence De Rodes on the Ivorys; Florence Meyers on the Ship Horn.
W. H. S. ORCHESTRA, '21.

(Continued on Page Forty-three)



WASHINGTON SNAPS

THE BLUE AND GOLD

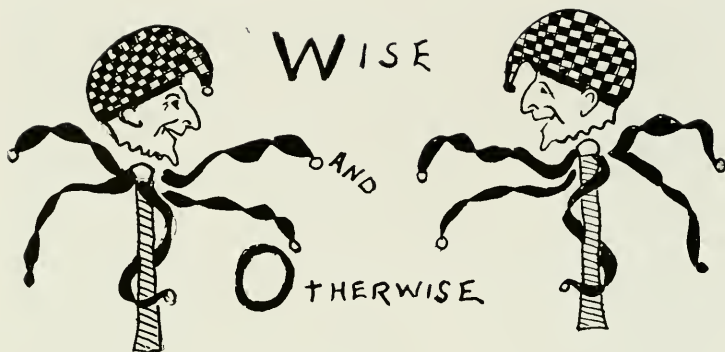


WHY W. H. S. IS ON THE MAP

Because We Have—

- A socialized school;
- A student council;
- A library of the best current magazines;
- Student participation in school activities;
- A supervised social room;
- A complete program of extra-curricular activities;
- A Parent-Teacher Association;
- A school which led the state in School Fire Prevention program;
- A spirit that is one hundred per cent. loyal to Findlay High School.

THE BLUE AND GOLD



Neighbor—They tell me your son is on the W. H. S. football team. Do you know what position he plays?

Mrs. Burns—I'm not sure, but I think he's one of the drawbacks.

Donald Hurrell—"What the deuce do you mean by telling Joe Ann that I am a fool?"

Arno Snyder—"Heavens! I'm sorry—was it a secret?"

Catherine S.—What makes you think Everett likes me so?

Nellie S.—Oh! he always looks so pleased when you give him your algebra paper.

Miss Kuenzli—What English word do you suggest comes from the word "gravis"?

Ralph King (promptly)—Gravy!

Miss Battrick—Do you know the population of New York City?

Edward Misamore—No, I was never there.

Bernice Ward (rushing into a hardware store)—Give me a mouse trap! Quickly, please, because I want to catch my train.

Russel—Yes, Doris, that doughnut you gave me saved my life.

Doris S.—Oh! then you were starving?

Russel—No, a mad dog came at me and I hit him out of it and broke his neck.

The Science classes have figured out that on account of the heat expanding the rails, it is four miles farther to New York in summer than in winter.

Miss Battrick—Where do the Greeks live?

Clarence Smith—In behind the shoe shining parlors.

Gerald Rader—LaVerne, did I ever tell you the story about the dirty window?

LaVerne Benson—No. Tell me about it.

Gerald Rader—No use; you couldn't see through it.

Doris S.—Are you fond of tea?

Fred M.—Yes, but I like the next letter better.

Miss Battrick—Zachariah is this the list of problems you made up for the days you were absent?

Zach.—O, no; I didn't make 'em up. I got 'em all out of the book.

Mr. Shull suddenly went into his bookkeeping room the other day and found Ralph Standfield propping his book endwise on his chin.

"Why aren't you at work," he demanded.

"I am, sir," Ralph replied, "I'm balancing my books."

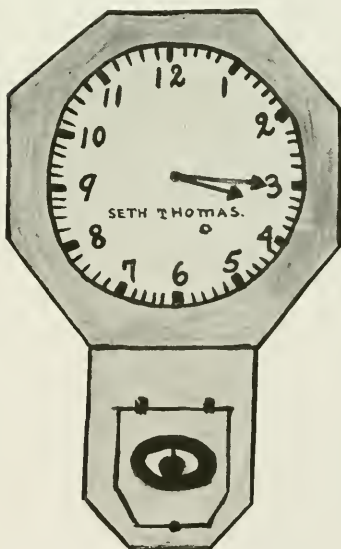
Bernice Beeson—How many subjects are you carrying?

Jeannette Bonham—I'm carrying one and dragging three.

Mrs. Leary—Why did you fail in your test, Fred. Fred.—O, merely a difference of opinion between me and Miss Battrick. I thought the Persians won the battle of Marathon and she seemed to think the Greeks did.

Florence De Rodes (at Fostoria football game)—Why does that fellow call out all those numbers.

Mack Vorhees (with superior air)—Why it's this way. The men are supposed to add them up, divide by two and the one who gets the answer first is the one who runs with the ball.



The favorite expression on a familiar face.

THE BLUE AND GOLD

(Results taken from an actual vote)

W. H. S.—ITS:

Most popular girl.....	Ruth Reimund
Most popular man.....	Frederick Leary
Most influential girl.....	Ruth Reimund
Most influential man.....	Frederick Leary
Most democratic girl.....	Joe Ann Redfern
Most democratic man.....	Ralph Stanfield
Prettiest girl.....	Florence De Rodes
Handsomest man.....	Ralph Stanfield
Best athlete.....	Russel Wellman
Wittiest.....	Ruth Reimund
Biggest Grouch.....	Vernon Kanable
Biggest Bluffer.....	Hugh Weaver
Biggest Flunker.....	Charles Galloway
Best Student.....	Ruth Reimund
Tallest Man.....	Zachariah Montgomery
Shortest girl.....	Gwendolyn Woodworth
Worst Talker.....	Everett Royce
Worst Gum Chewer.....	Wayne Cramer
Most Bashful Man.....	Floyd Payne
Girl with prettiest hair.....	Marjorie Montgomery

Miss Battrick—Now turn quickly to page 174 with your books closed.

Harriette—What's that thread tied around your little finger for?

Jenness—Oh! that's just to remind my mother to ask me if I forgot something she asked me to remember.

W. H. S. Logic

The Glee Club girls wear pins.
Girls who wear pins are members of the Glee Club.

Therefore, George Cole, Ralph Stanfield and Fred Leary are Glee Club girls.

Miss Jacobs—What are the two hardest substances known?

Howard Reimund—Algebra and getting up.

Page Holcomb (in algebra)—I don't think I should get zero on this paper.

Miss Battrick—I don't either, but that is the lowest I could give you.

Clarence S.—We have an exam in History tomorrow.

Everett S.—You don't say! Well, there is ten minutes more work tonight that I hadn't counted on.

Cafeteria Bean Soup

One gallon water, 12 T. salt, 1 T. pepper, 3 slices bacon. Allow to boil 101 minutes, add 2 beans.

Mack—Have you ever been through algebra?

Zach—Yes, but it was at night and I didn't get to see much of the place.

Miss Kuenzli (in English class)—What is the meaning of "mannensis?"

Wayne—Someone that takes care of old ladies!

Little Milo (hearing a hen cackling)—Oh! mamma, that hen laid an egg and is laughing about it.

Boss (to Hugh Weaver)—You're the slowest boy we've ever had. Aren't you quick at anything?

Hugh—Yes, sir; nobody can get tired so quickly as I can.

Our clever Wayne in English class contributes a letter addressed: Mrs. Ima Nut.

Miss Kuenzli—Why, Wayne, this must be a letter addressed to your wife!

W. H. S. BASKETBALL 1920-1921

THE TEAM

1. R. Forward—R. Stanfield.
2. L. Forward—R. Wellman.
3. Center—F. Leary
4. R. Guard—M. Vorhees.
5. L. Guard—Edw. Misamore.
6. Subs—A. Snyder, Fred Moran, D. Hurrell, W. Cramer, V. Burns, C. Smith.

TH SCHEDULE

W. H. S. 17—vs. Stars 16; W. H. S. 20—vs. Eagles 8; W. H. S. 14—vs. Arcade 7; W. H. S. 13—vs. Eagles 14; W. H. S. 16—vs. Jetts 11; W. H. S. 27—vs. 8th 8; W. H. S. 14—vs. Jetts 18; W. H. S. 10—vs. Stars 17; W. H. S. 10—vs. Jetts 7; W. H. S. 17—vs. Arcade 15; W. H. S. 8—vs. Arlington 25; W. H. S. 17—vs. L. H. S. 14; W. H. S. 11—vs. L. H. S. 13; W. H. S. 16—vs. L. H. S. 15.

At last—for the first time in the history of the Washington School it has put forth a successful basketball team. This team is just winding up a successful season in which it defeated practically every amateur team of rank in the city. This is the first team representing the Washington Freshman that has defeated the Lincoln School.

Stanfield (captain)

At the beginning of the season Ralph was chosen captain. He played a steady game throughout the year.

R. Wellman

At the beginning of the season Russell was out of the line-up because of a football injury. He was the chief point getter and a dead shot on fouls.

Leary (manager)

Leary was the main stay of the team. His outstanding feature was his ability to cage the baskets when they were most needed, especially when one point or two was needed to win.

M. Vorhees

(Editor's note)—Vorhees played a good game all season. His guarding was superb, coming at needed times. As running guard he could always be depended upon for at least one basket a game.—The Editor.

Edw. Misamore

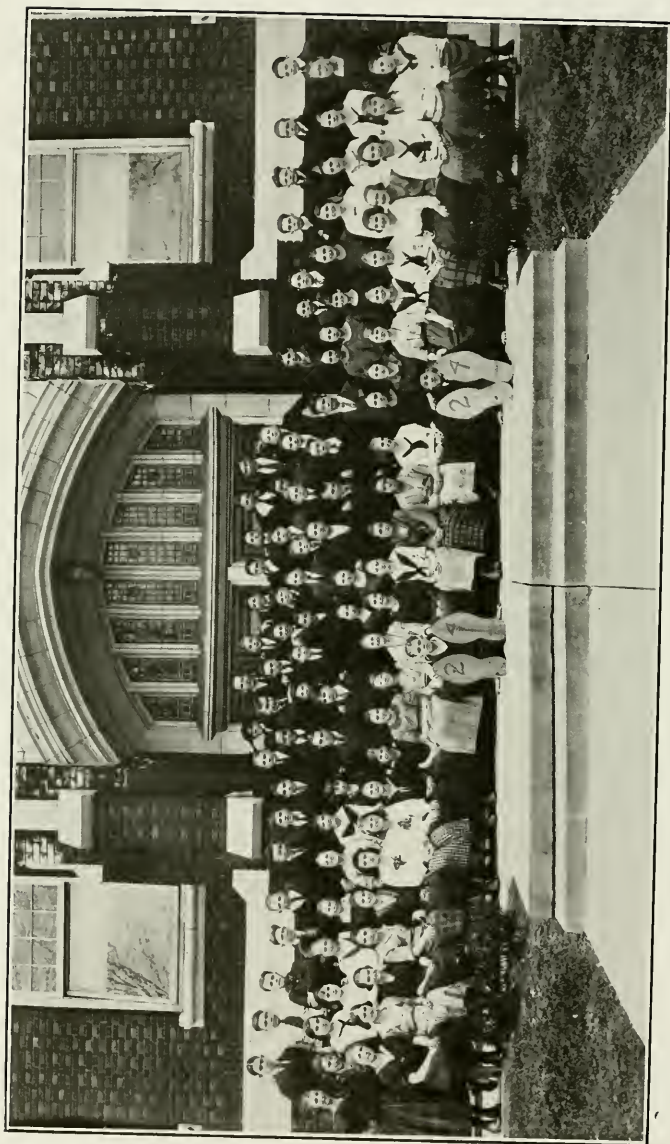
Edward played a very steady game at standing guard. He could always be depended upon to break up the teamwork of the opponents. He was noted for his impenetrability, and well deserves his name.

The Subs

The substitutes deserve much praise for their loyal support of the team throughout the season. Too much praise cannot be given these men for their loyal support.

MACK VORHEES.

(Continued on Page Forty-one)



LINCOLN FRESHMEN

THE BLUE AND GOLD

HISTORY OF "CLASS OF '24"

One September in the year of 1920, the record of the "class of '24" was placed on the Victrola of Education. The predominate note all through the first movement was the "Freshy"—some were sharp, others flat, but the most, just natural. How mournfully the music sang of our many errors! But as luck would have it, we were not with the proud and dignified Sophs, Juniors, and Seniors to be jeered at.

At the beginning of the first movement we were introduced to such variations as Prestos in Latin, Allegros in English, and Dolces in Algebra, which occurred most frequently in that part of the opus. After studying with might and main, the so-called "Flats" changed to "Sharps" which produced a better tone to all, especially the parents, who did their part by taking interest in the Parent-Teachers' meetings and by calling the principal to question why their sons and daughters were failing. The ever-increasing crescendo recalls our first day in the auditorium when for the first time we heard the school yell in various pitches. However, we were soon glad and proud to add our small voices to the swelling chorus. Most of us then began to look forward to the football season and helped as best we could to make it a success. We first elected cheer leaders, Mary Oswald and Carl Wisner, and no game passed but what we had a Pep meeting. We also furnished two varsity men who were considered very good players and lived up to their standard as all Lincolinites do.

Thanksgiving was celebrated by giving rhetoricals which were planned and carried out by the pupils themselves. The play, "The Courtship of Miles Standish" was presented and all played their parts perfectly.

At Christmas the eight grades and Freshmen met in the High School room and sang some of their Christmas songs. About this time we contributed to our beloved Lincoln (?) a health bond which we obtained by raising dough (do) to its highest pitch.

At last at the first half of the year, a few of our number, whose ears had not been sufficiently trained, received flat notes which were hardly welcome, but after the parents took a hand in the work the flat notes soon changed to sharp notes.

The end of the Christmas vacation brought about the second movement. We were glad when this vacation came, but equally glad when it was over.

At this time the wedding bells rang for our honored coach and teacher. Of course, this was the time to use our horns and dishpans and they were surely used to a great extent, but we hope our shrieks and noises did not produce sufficient discord to mar the surface of our record.

Another event which occurred to mark our record, was the organizing of the Glee Club under Professor Roberts, which is proving a great success and we hope some day to be second Carusos. Already we have sung for the Kiwanis Club at the Elks' Home, and we know it was enjoyed because of the treat that was given us by them.

And now we have come to the end of our little melody. In three years from now Father Time will have to take the "Class of '24" record from the Victrola and make room for another record in his cabinet. We hope that our record will continue to keep the rhythm set for it as faithfully as it has in spite of a few accidentals in the form of zeros until, when it has played its given time, the "Class of '24" may end its career at Lincoln with one grand chord of harmony.

—LOUISE ASKAM

GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAMS

(Continued from page Thirty-nine)

Name	Plays	Hobby	Remarks
Donneta	Center	Bossing	Stars in Strother game
Mary and Mabel	Forward	Dolging the ball	Inseparable
Doris A.	Center	Smiling	Never loses her temper
Bernice B.	Forward	Day-dreaming	W. H. S. Orator
Jeanette	Everything	Bernice	Stars in Home Economics
Velma	Nothing	Talking	She hails from Ypsilanti
Fern	Piano	Home Economics	"Hill broke her crown"
Florence D.	Pushing	Classical Club	Champion athlete in the world in 1999
Marjory M.	Backward	Basketball	Too light for the team.
Cathryn F.	Out of sight	Laugh and grow fat	She has the W. H. S. spirit
Margaret S.	Forward	Fashion sheet	Will be a good player in 1930
Dorothy B.	Guard	Skipping practices	Won't be a good player in 1930
Bernice K.	Quite forward	Bookkeeping	Will be Mary Pickford's hair dresser
Florence M.	Guard	Glee Club	Mr. Robert's assistant
Edith	Double	Library	Her favorite word is "Sh!"
Hattie and Thelma	Kitty, the family	Quarreling	United they stand; divided they fall
Helen Spangler	beauty	Spangles	Independence of Judgment
Doris S.	Drawback	Hoyville	"Tomboy"
Irene	Fiddle	Face powder demonstrator	Mr. Harding's private secretary in 1930
Gwendoline	Hobbs	Miss Battrick	Too large for the team
Helen Shafer	Center	Bangs	Typical Freshman
Evelyn	Hero	Popcorn balls	Fully expects? to flunk
Mildred	Guard	Latin	Will be in president's cabinet in 1950

THE BLUE AND GOLD

THE PARENT-TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION

Five years ago a band of Freshmen workers organized for the purpose of cultivating better co-operation between the school and the home. Each year the attendance and the interest have increased and the workers of the sixth and seventh grade pupils have been included.

This year we became a part of the National Parent-Teachers' Association. We have seventy-one members enrolled. The dues are fifty cents a year but all workers are welcome at all the meetings. The subjects for the various meetings this year have been—Thrift, Boys and Girls and Adolescence. These subjects have been ably presented and then heartily discussed by those present, and the parents and teachers all feel that the time thus spent on these subjects that confront both the home and the school has not been in vain.

From its inception the association has advocated physical training in our schools and expect to keep it up 'till we see results. We have heartily endorsed the movement for supervised playgrounds for Findlay. We have subscribed \$10 this year for the relief of starving children of the east.

Each year the association has awarded two prizes—one to the Freshman pupil who has the highest average for the year; the other to the one who raises his grades the most points during the year. Last year Miss Velma Patterson took the prize for the highest average, and Vance Kramer for points gained. April 29 an evening meeting is to be held when the fathers are to be present. A good program is being prepared and the fathers are to take part in the discussions.

The interest manifested by the mothers who attend these meetings can not help but be an incentive to more earnest work by the pupils in their homes and we hope that the next year may find a greatly increased enrollment at the Lincoln Parent-Teachers' meeting, but a similar organization at the Central High School.

MRS. W. S. MAYS.

GOOD ENGLISH

The care of the national language I consider as at all times a sacred trust and a most important privilege of the higher orders of society. Every man of education should make it the object of his unceasing concern, to preserve his language pure and entire, to speak it, so far as is in his power, in all its beauty and perfection.

A nation whose language becomes rude and barbarous must be on the brink of barbarism in regard to everything else. A nation which allows her language to go to ruin, is parting with the best half of her intellectual independence, and testifies her willingness to cease to exist.

"It is with words as with sunbeams, the more they are condensed the deeper they burn."

It is important that we should familiarize ourselves with the sources of our language, and with the sources of its strength, and each do his share towards preserving it in its purity and beauty. The students of today have a better opportunity to become good English-speaking people than their parents and forefathers. We should take the advantage of this opportunity and become true Americans.

To become good English-speaking Americans we must endeavor to speak good English at all times, not only in class, but on the street, at home, or in conversation of any kind. Let us remember that, though English has borrowed a great deal of French, though it has lost a large stock of English words, though it has adopted many French idioms and has been influenced by Latin in endless indirect ways it still remains good English. We need many years of study and practice before we fully understand that for real strength and clearness there is nothing equal to our old English speech, the speech of our fathers.

—ALICE STROUDE.

THE GENERAL SCIENCE CLUB

The General Science Club of the Lincoln High School was duly incorporated in accordance with the Laws of Ohio on October 12th, 1920, and twenty-six members answered "present" at roll call. This club is composed of the members of the General Science class.

Mr. Green kindly assumed the laborious duties of faculty advisor. In the course of the year numerous and interesting experiments have been carried out by the members of the class.

Thanks to the untiring efforts of Mr. Green, for the majority of the members, passed through the year with a few burns and other infections caused by too close contact with certain dangerous chemicals.

We enjoy the work as a club for it gives us a real chance to see what we are worth, both in the making of equipment which, though it is a very crude affair at times, often brings on some very trying tasks, and in the explaining its operation to the rest of the club who seem to us to be very dull at times.

If Archimedes had had any points which were not clear all he would need to do would be to have a group of boys to help him out.

Our club gained a little added reputation by visiting the History classes and carrying out an experiment to show the pupils just how density is determined, and its value as in the case of the golden crown.

We are leaving a good assortment of apparatus so the oncoming class can investigate our projects more quickly, and carry out others at which we have time for only a glance.

—FERRELL CRAWFORD.

THANKSGIVING RHETORICAL

A few weeks before Thanksgiving time a committee of twelve pupils with Roberta Hanrahan in charge, was appointed to prepare a program for Thanksgiving. After much debate and long searches for what to give we decided to give scenes from Miles Standish. Some on the committee thought this would be too familiar; but we found that reading for our own enjoyment and producing for the enjoyment of others were two quite different operations.

After much hard work on our own part and coaching by Miss Moore, we felt prepared as far as the words were concerned. Then we had to study pictures and learn how the Puritan garments were made, and how they looked, and I can tell you it was a difficult task to make a serious Puritan out of Donald Crawford. But from the reports of others, we feel satisfied that we did well.

After several selections by the orchestra and an explanation of the play by Mary Oswald, the three scenes were given—first, where Miles Standish wishes John Alden to make his proposal to Priscilla; second, the meeting between Priscilla and John Alden and her answer; third, the wedding scene.

CAST:

Miles Standish.....	Richard Firmin
John Alden.....	Donald Crawford
Priscilla.....	Geneva Wyant
Minister.....	Claire Sterling
Indian.....	Allison Fellers
	Puritan men and maidens

—MURIEL DEHAVEN.

THE BLUE AND GOLD

DOMUS ET FOCUS

Early in the year the girls of the Domestic Science Department organized a special study club. The meetings are held every three weeks and afford a very jolly time.

The first meeting was held at the Lincoln School and consisted of several games and the election of officers. Those elected were: President, Mildred Cole; vice-president, Audrey Johnson; secretary, Margaret Mays, and treasurer, Erma Riddlebaugh.

At the second meeting, which was held at Erma Riddlebaugh's home, we selected the name of our club Domus et Focus—Home and Fireside.

Among the interesting topics discussed were cotton, about which Mildred Cole read a good paper, and coffee as described by Margaret Mays. Both of these papers were splendid and we enjoyed them very much.

At one meeting we indulged in a very heated debate on the subject: "Resolved, That Home Economics Is More Beneficial Than the Foreign Languages." Margaret Mays and Ruth Cramer represented the affirmative and Ester Wittenmayer and Esther Wolganuth took the negative.

Another question which brought about a lot of discussion, was whether the club should sew for the Home and Hospital or not. At present we are planning to take up the work very soon.

There certainly has been something "witchy" about this club for every time we have met there has been a downpour of rain—keeps us from having a dry time.

With the aid of Miss Gerlaugh we have had in all very profitable times and hope to better live up to our name, "Home and Fireside."

—RUTH CRAMER.

LINCOLN JOKES

Things we Freshmen like to see:

Gladys Hill's purple sweater.

Francis David's slick hair.

Bennie S's small feet.

Delite Ebersole making yarn flowers under her desk.

Harold Curth's disdainful look at Mr. Shull when told to "get to work."

Harry Conn's rock back and forth when given an oral theme.

Miss Moore's quiet smile.

"Ourselves" in charge of the assembly.

Howard Rhodes trying to pronounce Latin.

Frank Traucht's dreamy eyes.

Donald Crawford "mystifying" water.

* * *

Dick F.—Flunking these days, Ruddy?

Ruddy A.—Not so much. I'm behind a good bit in Latin, but I try awfully hard to get a-head you know.

Dick—Well, everybody knows you need one.

* * *

Miss Gerlaugh—We will take the life of a silk-worm tomorrow, come prepared.

* * *

Miss Cratty—Didn't I tell you to be prepared with your History lesson? And here you are—you are unable to repeat a word of it.

Marvin Fall—I didn't think it was necessary. I've always heard that History repeated itself.

If a lassie meet a laddie

Coming through the hall,

Laddie mustn't speak to lassie

Twouldn't do at all.

Lassie might be late to Latin,

Laddie lose his "E."

If a laddie spoke to lassie

Near the Faculty.

* * *

To Our Teachers

There's a boy who likes to whistle,

There's a girl who likes to hum,

But none gets on her nerves so much

As a person who's chewing gum.

* * *

Dainty little zeros—formed by teacher's hand,

Make us L. H. students' flunk to beat the band.

The cry used to be "54-40" or fight!"

Now its "70-75 or flunk!"

* * *

Boh Sutton—Was writing done on tablets of stone in the old days?

Miss Cratty—Yes, Robert,

Bob—Gee, it must have been hard to break the news.

* * *

Mr. Green—Francis, give an example of density.

Francis Dye—I don't know.

Mr. Green—Very good.

WASHINGTON ORGANIZATIONS

(Continued from Page Thirty-four)

WO-HE-LO CLUB

We are the members of the Washington High School Wo-He-Lo Club.

Our motto is Work, Health, and Love.

Here, we are doing the lively bunch of girls. In for everything just so we have a good time.

Enemies? No! That is way below our standard.

Like to take hikes? Oh! Boy! That's our favorite sport.

Our officers are: Bernice Beeson, president; Thelma Stough, vice-president; Harrietti Thomas, secretary-treasurer; faculty advisor, Miss Gilbert.

—CATHERINE FELLABAUM.

ASTRONOMY CLUB

OFFICERS

President, Everett Royce

Secretary, Gerald Line

Vice-President, Donald Hurrell

Stop! Look! Listen! Sh! We are going to impart a secret. Don't tell anybody, but personally we think the Astronomy Club was the best of any this year. Back to facts. Like the lady across the way, we are studying astronomy so we will know more about the solar plexus us. There is one bright star (our advisor, Miss Battrock) and thirty-two little planets (the members) in our system (club). We go to two meetings a month to learn something. When we first joined we thought we knew everything, but now we are sure we don't know anything. Our first meeting was at the President's. Another enjoyable evening was spent at Dorothy Buto's and two others, so far, have been held at school. Who ate the marshmallows the first meeting? Why doesn't Everett Stanfield ever have his assignment for Astronomy? Why is our membership lacking in number of pretty girls? What has caused the separation of Mars and Venus? It doesn't take a bobolink to answer "questions" like these.

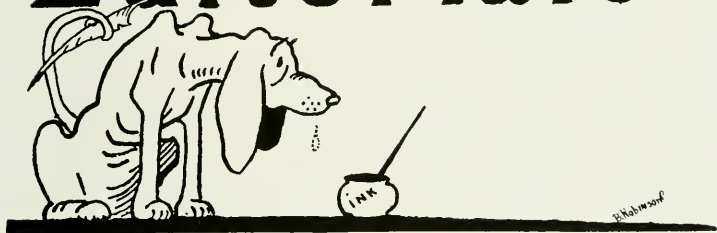
CASTOR AND POLLUX,
The Star-dust Twins.



LINCOLN SNAPS

THE BLUE AND GOLD

Editorials



At last it is done, or nearly so, and we now take our dripping pen in our cramped fingers, and, having mopped our weary brow with our red handana, and run a grimy finger for the last time under our wilted collar,—as aforesaid, we now take our pen in hand to let you know we are feeling punk, and hope you are the same. This Editor job may be all right for a man with a cast-iron elbow and shock-absorbers on his ear-drums, but we have felt our noble brow grow clammy with fear for the success of our enterprise, and we just know we have felt the tip of our Grecian nose uptilted in very scorn at some of the junk we have written. Besides, as we lay prostrate beneath the surgeon's knife (we broke a blood-vessel in our brain during the stress of the campaign) we thought of the electric-light bill our father would have to pay for the midnight oil we had burned, and decided to try and square ourselves with the world before bidding it a fond farewell and, yawning, gasp out our precious life, yard by yard, dismayed at the thought of the morrow's French test. So, being a man of delicate sensibilities, we decided to unload ourself, tout d'un coup, upon you, Gentle Reader, and here goes—

THE BLUE AND GOLD

First, we want to say a word about this Blue and Gold. This wonderful little publication, which we firmly believe ranks second only to the Tatler and the Spectator among famous periodicals of the English language, is the product solely and absolutely of the brains, wise and otherwise, of the pupils of Findlay High School. It has been greatly hampered in the compiling by the thoughtful efforts of our own modest self, but fortunately we have had able assistants who, although we cheerfully admit we have more brains to the acre than they have, nevertheless and to the contrary notwithstanding have they pointed out to us the error of our ways, and led us back once more from the realms of ecstatic wonderment (occasioned by eating too much phosphorus, Worcester sauce and sore throat medicine) to the cold, hard path of popular appeal and economy of space. What we mean is that the pupils of Findlay High School, acting through the Blue and Gold Annual Staff, have posed for, written, supported, and in large measure subscribed for this Annual. It is their Blue and Gold, and we are very glad to present it to the public as such.

THANK YOU!

The Blue and Gold wishes to take this opportunity, editorially, to thank the people of Findlay, and especially the business men, for the loyal support they have given us in making this, the eighteenth annual number, the biggest, best, and brightest ever sent out from Findlay High School. We appreciate their patronage, and are extremely well pleased to be able to announce that the advertising in this number exceeds that of any former one by over fifteen pages, and that the subscription list total is about twelve hundred.

ATHLETICS

It is with much hesitation and many misgivings that we approach the subject of athletics. We like Mr. Shull, and we do not want to say anything that might hurt him, but still we do not desire to say anything that might place our own position in a false light. That is why we have decided to be perfectly frank. So after considering the situation carefully we have come to the conclusion that it is to the best interest of all parties concerned that we should state some matters just as we see them, for surely Mr. Shull is aware that he and his position are the center of popular thought and feeling in these days.

We all want to see Findlay High School have some of the best athletic teams in the state. The people of "Blind Findlay" are gradually waking up, and, thanks to the much-appreciated efforts of the Kiwanis Club, the Rotary Club and the Chamber of Commerce, are being made to understand that successful football and basketball teams mean not only better health, more life and pep, and improved spirit to their sons and daughters in High School, but also means a big "ad" and greater renown and prosperity to the city as a whole.

Along with this increased activity comes the closer inquiry into the present situation of affairs, and renewed interest in coach and athletic teams. It is no secret that in the past year Findlay High School has made a miserable record in athletics. This, in our opinion, has been due to a combination of circumstances. We are not writing alibis for the teams. No, we are far too serious for that. But we do know some things which ought to be corrected, conditions which must be remedied before F. H. S. teams can defeat all the teams on their schedules, or even make a creditable showing.

In the first place, there is the coach. Mr. Shull is a nice chap, a fine fellow, very pleasant and agreeable and a good traveling companion. He is also a good trainer of men, but he is not the coach to lead F. H. S. teams to victory. In his year here he has lacked the influence over his men, he has not shown the magnetic power of personal contact which we feel a successful coach should have. Mr. Shull has, in our estimation, never come to a full and complete understanding with his players. He has either overlooked or refused to see breaches of the training rules, and has allowed a few of the players to remain on

THE BLUE AND GOLD

the teams after open ruptures with himself. We are not much of an athlete, but still we have an idea that a good coach should start a season by coming to a real agreement with his men, should have a definite policy and program, and should early show the players that he knows more football or basketball than they do. He should never allow them for a minute to think that they know as much as he. It is extremely unusual that such a condition should exist, and yet it seems that this has been an unusual year all around. Due to the coach's slowness to grasp and nip in the bud cases of insubordination, and due to his inexperience in handling hot-headed boys, there grew up a very unfortunate feeling among the players that they could do very nearly as they pleased.

Mr. Shull is naturally quiet and reticent, and this quality led him to make up his mind very slowly. It might be all right to do this some times, but Mr. Shull, in our opinion, carried it to excess. He never personally made an announcement after basketball practice on Thursday night as to the line-up of the team the next night. He always pursued the policy of having the names read by the principal at Friday morning assembly, and this was the first word any of the players had as to whether they were to play or not. This policy undoubtedly was very good for show, and kept the men always in doubt, but somehow we, for our part, received the impression that the coach shunned the task of making the announcement himself. Furthermore, we were many times made to wonder at the coach's queer method of making substitutions. Here again, his peculiar personality was in evidence. He was always very halting about sending his reserve players into a game. Even though he was the coach, still it seemed to us that many times, when the men on the floor were obviously tired, Mr. Shull could have used fresh men to advantage. Generally we were so far behind anyway that the subs could not lose the game, which was lost already, and the practice which they might have received, as well as the notice and encouragement which they might have enjoyed, would have been very beneficial.

Sometimes Mr. Shull took so long to make up his mind that the players would make suggestions. This was all right, but the coach never characterized these as good or bad. He might act on them or he might not. Here again we missed that policy of frankness, of openness, of understanding with his men which we thought we had a right to expect.

All in all, we feel that it would be a mistake for Mr. Shull to attempt to coach our teams this next year. We believe that he has given us his best, and we think that he would give us his best another year. Yet in spite of this, just as he met difficulties in the past season, he would find even greater ones next season. From the feelings entertained toward him by the players, and the prejudices cherished by some few, we feel that Mr. Shull could not work in complete accord with his men next year, nor would they be apt to respond to his plans as they should. Mr. Shull might be able to coach winning teams in some other city, but not in Findlay.

THE TEAMS

Now we come to the teams. Our failure this year cannot be blamed entirely on the coach. We feel that this is true, and we feel it keenly. We believe that if the fellows had all fulfilled their share of responsibility and had been willing to carry out their part faithfully, we might have had a very different story to tell.

In gathering together our material we have talked with a good many old students of the school, and we have learned that the former years the conditions were much the same as they are today. One old football player told us that he firmly believed the reason why Fostoria beat us in a close game in that city about five or six years ago was that one of our backs and an end had been out late the night before—the end drinking, and the back attending an out-of-town dance—and as a result, when, in the fourth quarter, that back and that end had a good chance to work a forward pass and score, they were not able to do it. This is an extraordinary case, of course, but it merely serves to convince us the more strongly that until the players on our teams are willing to forego their personal pleasures and keep themselves faithfully and honestly in the best of condition, Findlay High School will never have a consistently winning team.

"I DON'T CARE"

You have heard that little sentence many times. It is one of the over-worked expressions of the English language, and to it may be traced much of the failure in the world today.

We are not through with athletics. We started out to mention the conditions which must be remedied before F. H. S. can have successful teams, and we are going to discuss now one which is just about the most important of all. It is the "I don't-care" spirit. Fellows, we are serious now—we were never more so in our life. Our teams will never accomplish anything until the players cut out the "I don't-care" stuff. You do care! You must care!

It is the "I don't-care" which makes a football player go along the street smoking a cigarette. He meets the coach, he sees the hurt in his eyes, he hears the words of reproach which fall from his lips; he knows that he has done wrong—what does he do? He gets sore! Yes, he does. He gets sore at himself. In his heart he despises himself, but he will not admit it. He tells his friends of meeting the coach and adds the fatal "I don't care."

A player does something wrong on the floor. He knows it, yet when the coach tells him of it, per-haps calls him down for it, he gets mad and puts on his armor of bravado, "I don't care."

The season is half over. A man has won his letter, and deliberately breaks training. He has a row with the coach and the coach threatens to drop him from the squad. He gives the familiar "I don't care. I've won my letter."

Oh, fellows, that is fatal! You do care. You care for your school, for your honor, for your team. What would you think of a soldier who would desert—go back on his nation, his flag, his honor—on the eve of a great battle, just because his enlistment expired? You care, or else you don't deserve your place on the team. Think it over!

BLIND FINDLAY

Oh Findlay are you still so blind? Must we come to you every year with the same plea? What can we do to make you understand our need, your need?

The present Findlay High School building was erected in 1900. Twenty classes have gone through the old school, twenty classes have graduated, and twenty classes have added to the wear and tear on the building. 'Twas none too good in the beginning, for someone cheated us woefully, and now after the passing of twenty years—years that have seen the grads of 1901 and '02 grow up and prosper and scatter before the four winds of Heaven, years that have seen the ivy on the walls grow old and wither and die—now the old building is but the shadow of its former self. We get along the best we can, always hoping, longing. We feel the old desks cracking, breaking under us, but we endure it. We examine the hole in the ceiling, and move it and move out when it rains. We look impatiently at the windows—old, narrow, murky panes thick-coated with dirt—and then about the great, dark, gloomy assembly hall—a thing of the past—and earnestly we hope for the day which shall see us depart from this rickety old fire-trap, to return again—maybe.

THE BLUE AND GOLD

Is this not a fine place for your children to spend the four best years of their lives? Are you not glad to have them freeze here in winter, and burn up in summer? Are you not perfectly satisfied that they should breathe the impure air, tramp the smooth-worn steps, fuss with the same old apparatus which—? Are you not proud to escort your guests down West Main Cross Street and say, with your eyes shining, "This is our Central High School?" What? You are not?

Is the High School a strong drawing-card for new business interests, new manufactures? Can you say, "Here is our High School. Bring your men to Findlay. They may send their children here to school." Can you?

IF YOU DO NOT READ ANYTHING ELSE, READ THIS!

One day in the early part of April we grew curious about a certain subject (you may guess what it was), and we asked every pupil of the Central High School to write down on a slip of paper one thing which he thought is sorely needed here. Some of the answers are given below:

"One of the greatest needs of Findlay High School is a new Science Laboratory, comprising separate departments and separate equipment for Physics and Chemistry." "We need a laboratory for the study of Psychology and Physiology." "Different Laboratory teacher." "We need a biology laboratory." "For a better school equipment we need new seats." "We need more and better equipment for the Commercial Department." "I think the Findlay High School needs new desks in the bookkeeping room." "We need more class rooms." "We need a new ventilation system." "Findlay High School needs a good athletic coach." "Co-operation with the business men of this city in order to make athletics better in F. H. S." "We need a gymnasium." "Physical culture for every pupil is just as necessary if not more necessary than any other study this school offers." "Recreation hall for dancing, etc." "To make the High School students more congenial by having a High School dance every month." "Better equipped Domestic Science rooms." "Findlay High School needs a varnishing room in the Manual Training Department." "We need a library." "History room fitted up as reference library for history and other studies." "We need an Art Department." "A place for the boys to eat their dinner and not have to eat in an old engine room or cloak room. We don't even have as much as a bench to sit on." "Wash basins and sanitary drinking fountains." "We need new lockers in the boys' cloak room." "We, the boys of F. H. S., need and should have a modern lavatory." "We need some teachers." "One American flag for flag staff on top of school." "Pencil sharpeners in each room." "Inside redecorated or plastered." "I think we should have two assembly rooms." "A new High School."

119 pupils agreed that a High School gymnasium is needed here, where classes in physical culture may be conducted for girls as well as for boys.

13 pupils thought a good, competent athletic coach and physical instructor could remove the round shoulders and slouchy ways of our students, and inject into them stores of life and pep.

97 summed up the whole situation in a single statement when they said that what Findlay needs is a new, modern High School building, completely equipped, with plenty of room for the Freshman classes, and with space about it for a gymnasium and a fine athletic field. It seems to us that Findlay must have such a school. Eventually—Why Not Now?

40 said we need separate and bigger laboratories for physics, chemistry, biology, psychology and physiology.

32 said we need a school library, with enough reference books for everybody—a place where one could study undisturbed.

26 agreed that one of our greatest needs is more class rooms—sufficient to make it unnecessary to teach Latin in the sewing room, or Physiology in the kitchen, or Psychology in the girl's cloak room.

Some of the other votes are here given:

Adjustments in the faculty.....	2
New drinking fountains.....	2
A good furnace and a ventilating system that works.....	7
For having the school board furnish the text books.....	2
Lockers for every one.....	2
Improved facilities for the Domestic Science Department.....	7
New tables for the bookkeeping room.....	1
A lunch room where the pupils could be served inexpensively, or could bring their own lunches.....	1
A change of location.....	5
An athletic field.....	1
More room for the Manual Training Department.....	4
A new roof.....	3
Better lavatory equipment.....	4
A systematic music course.....	1
"More Pep".....	1
Replastering and redecorating.....	5

ADVERTISING

This year we have a fine advertising department. We have often heard it said that advertisements are the most interesting part of any publication, and we certainly hope that you will find this to be true in the present instance.

This splendid showing has been made possible only through the friendly co-operation and interest of the business men of Findlay, and through the untiring zeal and devotion of our advertising solicitors in going after the "ads." We appreciate both more than we can tell. The advertisers you may find by turning to the second half of this book, and the advertising solicitors are given below. Of this group Byron Vorhees, Cloyce Thomas and Joe Gunderman deserve special mention for their great work.

Lorine Moore, Francis Eoff, Lois Hart, Howard West, Gerald Brickman, Sherman Alge, Willard Grooms, Wilbur Burson, Allen Moyer, Joe Gunderman, Arthur Byal, Stewart Kramer, Basil Robinson, Harold Burkett, Ralph Malcolm, Virgil Barger, Howard Henderson, Cloyce Thomas, Byron Vorhees, Orlo Dukes, Jack Betts, Merl Bowers.

CONCLUSION

In conclusion we wish to say that we have worked hard to make a success of this Annual. Some of it has been written in a spirit of fun, some in a more serious vein. We have tried to produce a year-book which shall be of interest to outsiders as well as to students. It has been our constant aim to make this book truly representative of Findlay High School—to reflect herein some of the joys and sorrows, the pleasures and disappointments which have by turns raised us to the heights and cast us into the shadows during four of the happiest years of our lives—those spent in old Findlay High School.

And now let me cease, Gentle Reader, and, after congratulating you on your choice of present reading matter, allow me to bid you a fond farewell.

—THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

MUSIC



B.R.



THE BLUE AND GOLD

OUR ORCHESTRA

Albert Boss
Nellie Amsler
Gerald Baldwin
Ethelda Williams
Don Corbin

Floyd Thomas
Troy Stillwell
Howard Mays
Helen Sterling
Helen Weikel

Elmo Tyner
Wanda Seguiné
Reed Carrouthers
George Edie
Merle Hosler

Harold Parsons
Leon Mertz
Ray Swisher
Vergil Barger
Cloyce Thomas

"Give me A. Helen! A little louder, I can't hear anything with that unearthly noise." "Say, Cootie, you're way flat, it sounds awful!" "We fully appreciate your heavenly tones, Elmo, but if you'd only allow us to tune up first," etc. etc.

"Look! Mahel, that's the orchestra! Well-I, I must admit they're rather noisy but wait till you hear them play. You'll forget everything and be wafted away to perfume-scented lands upon which the moon shines ever brightly and—er, well, I'm no poet so you'll have to imagine the rest. But in good, every-day American slang, 'We're some orchestra!' Just anything you want, people, a funeral dirge or the latest jazz!"

Say, did you ever hear our Tommy meditate? Well, listen! Come some Wednesday night about 5:30 and go to the auditorium. There in the dark you'll find him, ensconced at the piano, playing a most heart-rending impromptu and shattering the gloomy dusk with his masterly (?) chords. No need to approach silently for you couldn't tear him away. And to see Mertz doing his dare-devil feats with his slide trombone is quite a treat, I assure you.

But seriously, we've accomplished a great deal this year. For one thing, we've a larger orchestra than ever before. There are twenty in our group and each a future genius. We've furnished the music for all school functions, rhetorical, class plays and debates. Also we played for the Farmers' Institute and the Huber social, where we made our debut to the charming public. We're now working very earnestly on the opera, "Iolanthe," and if present indications can foretell anything, it will be a wonderful success.

At the beginning of the year we organized ourselves. For president we chose Nellie Amsler, and a mighty fine president she's been, too. The other officers were Albert Boss, vice-president, and Vergil Barger as both secretary and treasurer. Soon after Xmas we, as an organization, subscribed ten dollars to the Belgian Relief Fund.

We had hoped to have many social times but because of other school activities all of our plans didn't materialize. We did have a party at Nellie Amsler's with cats 'n everything! Each member brought a guest and all unanimously voted that it was a wonderful time. I think everybody will have to admit that we're one of the peppiest organizations in old F. H. S.! How could we be otherwise when we have so many live wires?

But what could we have done if it hadn't been for Mr. Roberts? For 'twas he who safely led us at a lively tempo through all those troublesome sharps and flats up to the grand finale. Some of us may have lagged behind or dropped wearily by the wayside, but, on the home-stretch, what disheartened one failed to crash in on the last few notes? And our pianiste deserves just "oodles" of praise. Why, our Helen can get music out of anything with keys, even a padlock!

—HELEN STERLING, '21.

THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

"How many girls here would like to form a Glee Club?" was the question brought up by Professor Thomas Roberts in music class one day. Of course our hands were raised. That certainly sounded promising, a Girls' Glee Club—say, wouldn't that be fine? So it was decided.

One night after school the club had its first meeting. After an hour and a half of singing, we decided that it would be worth while to go on with the work and sing at the concert that was to be given.

Then we heard that the boys, unwilling that the girls should "put something over on them," had formed a Glee Club of their own. Well, well—that sounded interesting, since they were going to sing at the concert also.

They sang, so did we! O, yes! We sang all right! The boys sang first, then came the time for the girls to make their debut. O, was it going to be a success? Were we in good time for the evening? Every girl was asking herself these questions and then—Bing! Back went the curtain. There we were, sitting straight in our chairs, facing the large audience in the High School Auditorium.

At a signal from Professor Roberts, we arose in unison (?) and sang our first song. Good! A nod of approval from the supervisor. After singing a number of songs the curtain fell, and by the applause we received we were satisfied that our efforts had not been in vain.

Thus our Girls' Glee Club was pronounced a success.

—JESS ALTSCHUL, '23.

THE BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Almost as soon as the usual smooth running order of the chorus had been attained, the organization of Glee Clubs was begun. The Boys' Glee Club was formed for a double purpose, namely:

To take part in the concert to be given at the High School Auditorium.

To go to Lima to participate in the inter-scholastic music contest.

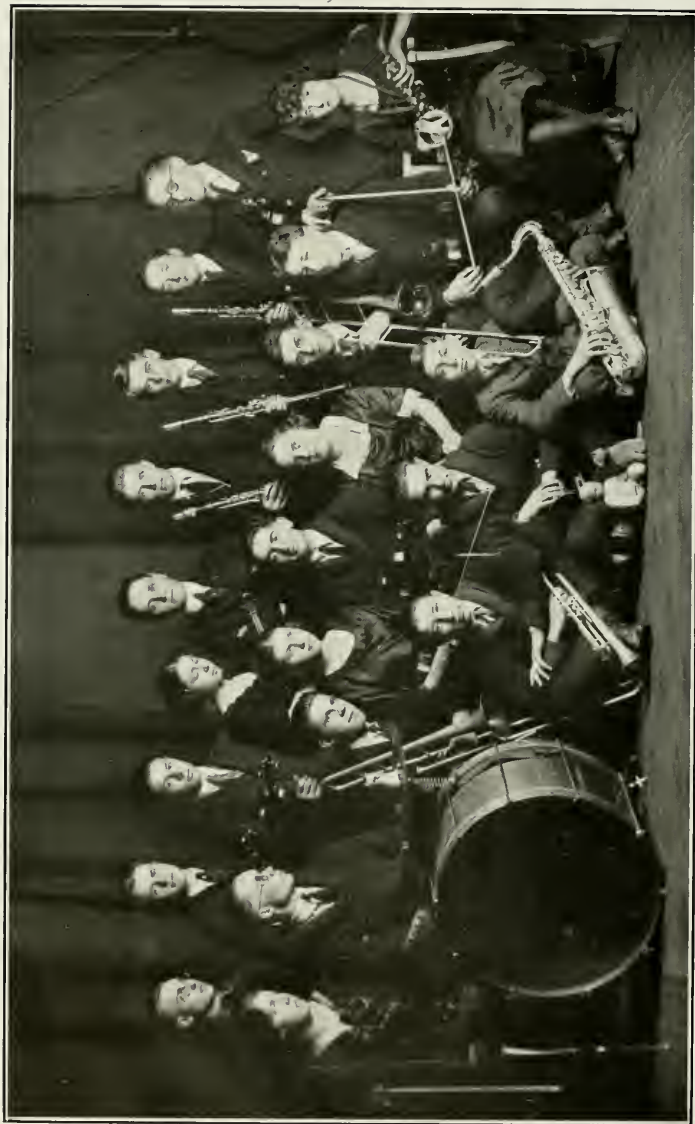
The Boys' Glee Club was a success from the very start, difficult music being rendered almost perfectly at rehearsals. At last after many rehearsals and a great deal of preparation the great night of the concert arrived. Some of the members of the Glee Club belonged to both the chorus and the orchestra, and it was almost amusing to see them scramble for their places in the different parts.

The Boys' Quartette, composed of Donald Schaffer, Leon Mertz, Richard Martz and Leonard Smith gave a few selections which, by their humorous trend, brought down the house, so to speak, and it would indeed be hard to tell whether the Glee Club or the Quartette received the most favor and applause.

Unfortunately there was a small audience and many will regret not having attended when in the future some of these singers become great and famous opera stars.

Martz, Schaffer and Smith have been offered engagements with the "Great South American Opera Co." to sing Carmen; Schaffer as the Captain of the Guard, Martz as El Toreador and our long-coupled friend Smith as the Smuggler. They will tour South America and Spain, singing this world-famous opera in Spanish. Martz and Schaffer are now industriously engaged in studying this language (the writer is in their class), and Zenorita Arnold, La Maestra del Español, says that with three more years of hard study they will be able to form short Spanish sentences of three or four words. This is indeed encouraging and here we will leave them, struggling upward to the brilliant success that is, even as I write this, self-evident.

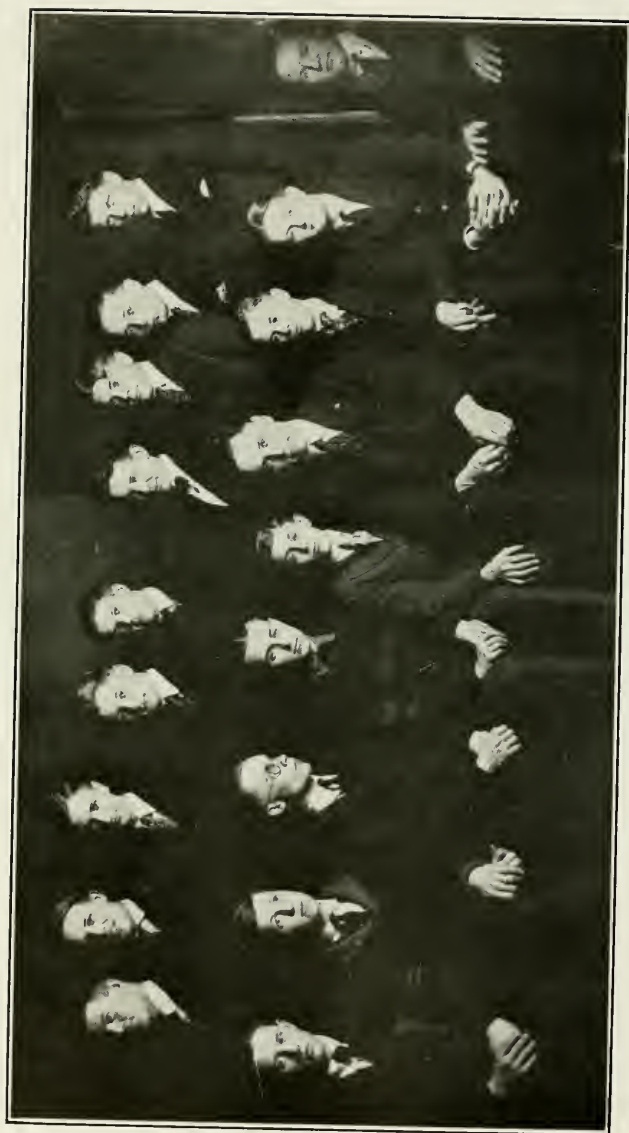
—ELMO TYNER.



HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB



BOYS' GLEE CLUB

THE BLUE AND GOLD



LITERARY

F. H. S.'s SIX ANNABELLES

At each Pep Meeting one finds at least six Annabelles. They may be classified by the following titles: Annabelle Rowdy, Annabelle Prim, Annabelle Tell All She Knows, Annabelle Good Sport, Annabelle Indifference and Annabelle Common Sense.

"F-F-F-I-N-D-D-L-A-Y, FINDLAY, Hurrah! Hurrah! Findlay High! Gee Hah! Gee Hah! Gee! Hah! Hah! Findlay High School Rah Rah Rah! Findlay High School is our cry! V-I-C-T-O-R-Y!" Annabelle Rowdy was eyeing rather interestedly the penny which was balanced on the tip of her finger. It would be so much fun to throw that penny, hear the shuffle of feet in response to her forbidden act and chuckle over the disturbance she had created.

Annabelle Prim, who had not taken part in the yell, due to an unexplainable catch in her throat, when she thought of herself as swaying back and forth yelling "F-F-F-I-N," leand across to the first Annabelle and whispered, "I wouldn't do that. Maybe Mr. Finton will not like it." This was the last straw! Annabelle Rowdy tossed her penny, heard the responsive shuffle and was glanced at sternly by the teachers.

It happened (by chance, I suppose) that the penny landed just beneath the desk of Annabelle Indifference. This Annabelle, being so indifferent that she did not care whether she were accused of throwing the penny or not, chose to let it remain on the floor. Annabelle Good Sport picked up the penny and gave it to Annabelle Common Sense, whom she knew saved her pennies for amusements far more worthwhile. Then Annabelle Tell All She Knows butted in; indicated to a teacher nearby that she had valuable information and if coaxed might tell all she knew, just for the good of the school. Consequently Annabelles Rowdy, Prim, Good Sport, Indifference and Common Sense were requested to meet in the Office after the Pep Meeting.

The countenances of these five Annabelles produced a very mixed atmosphere in the Office. Annabelle Prim was shocked beyond measure to think that she should have occasion to be in Mr. Finton's Office on such a mission. Annabelle Rowdy was quite interested in the affair; rows always were her specialty. Annabelle Indifference showed her usual lack of interest. Annabelle Good Sport was all concern, although she showed it in an entirely different way from Annabelle Prim. Weep she would not! Just the same she emphatically whispered her contempt for an Annabelle who tells all she knows. Annabelle Common Sense sat studying her French. Possession is nine points of the law and Annabelle Common Sense had the penny.

With a roomful of such varied expressions to greet him, Mr. Finton walked in, talking to Mr. Miller. "Let's see! How much did you say that ticket was? Fifty cents?"

Mr. Finton dug deep into his pocket and produced, alas and alack, only forty-nine cents! "For a penny, I'd let you girls go," thought Mr. Finton.

Annabelle Common Sense was somewhat of an expression reader. She alarmed Mr. Finton by saying, "Here is a penny. May we go, now?"

Mr. Finton grinned appreciatively and good-naturedly. "Yes, you may go," said he.

—RUTH FULLER.

THE BLUE AND GOLD

'TIS NOT AMERICAN

'Tis not American to lie,
Or mean advantage take;
I'm a traitor to the flag, if I
Have cheated for a stake.
In honor I must walk my way
Nor over-proudly brag;
If I have stained myself today
I've also stained my flag.

'Tis not American to play
A craven coward's part;
I cannot be untrue today
And true if war should start.
I must be loyal to a friend
In thought and deed, a man
On whom the whole world can depend
To be American.

'Tis not American to be
Distanful of a trust;
All men who'd keep this country free
Must first of all be just.
And am I false to any man
In what I seek to do,
And wrong him by some selfish plan,
I wrong my country, too.

I must respect that Starry Flag
Each minute of the day;
I must do more for it than brag
Or cheer it on the way.
Despite what wealth may bring me
Or fame or conquest can,
My noblest duty is to be
A real American.

—Edgar A. Guest.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY

It was merely a newspaper account:

Gabriel Berger, veteran of the French Revolution, died yesterday morning from heart trouble. He was seventy years of age.

But those few words carried me back to an almost forgotten summer afternoon in 1828. That was five years ago.

I was trudging along a hot, dusty road that led to Paris, musing and smiling over the words that I had just heard from my beloved Vivette's lips. But I was aroused from that pleasant reverie by a feeling that I was being watched. I raised my eyes, and to my surprise, I saw a small withered man sitting on a stone by the side of the road. He was studying me with all the intentness his bright blue eyes could muster.

Being in an especially cheerful mood, I greeted him.

"Good afternoon, Monsieur," I said.

He promptly returned my greeting, removing the straw that he had been industriously chewing from his mouth.

He invited me to take a seat beside him and then turned from me, chewing his straw meditatively. He sat thus for some time. The silence became embarrassing, and I ventured to start a conversation.

"You have fine crops here, Monsieur."

"Eh? Oh, yes, yes, I suppose so," he absently muttered.

Then suddenly rousing himself, he apologized for being so absent-minded.

"You see as how these fine crops takes me back to the days of the Revolution. These fields that you see now so full of grain were then bare with patches of weeds here and there. There was no one to farm the land. Let me see! That was nearly thirty-five years ago, before you were born. That's something you may be thankful for, sir. It was a bloody time."

He paused and I, being afraid he would again fall into that meditative silence, eagerly said:

"Oh, I don't know about that. The Revolution has always been extremely interesting to me. You must have led an extraordinary life. Won't you tell me about it? Did you play any part in the Revolution?"

"Yes," he sadly replied, "I played an unwilling part."

"Unwilling?"

THE BLUE AND GOLD

"Yes, unwilling. Sir, I will admit that some of the nobles were unjust and cruel to the peasants. But nobles are human. Some of them were cruel, but many of them were kind. My master was a fine man, but when the people discovered the power they possessed, they became mad and unreasonable. They imprisoned him, tortured him, and finally put the poor innocent man out of his misery by the guillotine. You probably ask why I didn't try to save him. Monsieur, if I had so much as lifted my little finger to help him, his head would not have been saved, and I would have lost mine as well.

"I had a friend, a fine young fellow, sir. He loved a nobleman's daughter in secret. One dark, rainy night a band of peasants silently made their way to this noble's home. They seized him and his daughter, thrust them into prison and destroyed their chateau. They were imprisoned for about three months.

"During that time, my friend was notified that henceforth he was to guard this prison where his sweetheart was held, and act as turnkey when needed. He silently complied, but his heart ached for the girl whom he loved.

"At their trial, the noble and his daughter were sentenced to die by the guillotine at three o'clock the following afternoon. When the crowd had dispersed from the courtroom, my friend was presented with a message in which he was told that he should act as turnkey that night.

"About ten o'clock that evening, I was preparing to retire, when a light knock sounded on the door. Holding the light above my head to see who was there at that time of night, I cautiously opened the door. There stood my friend, breathing hard from exertion and suppressed excitement.

"Hush! Don't let anyone know I'm here. You once promised you would do anything for me. Now is your chance! Meet me in the courtyard below at twelve tonight! I will have the Marquis' daughter with me. Use the passport and the horse and carriage I shall bring with me. Get her to England as quickly as possible. Will you do it?"

"I will do anything for you, friend, but this is a mad thing you are attempting."

"But he was gone.

"As the clock struck twelve that night, I was in the courtyard waiting. Presently I heard footsteps running toward me. My friend came out of the darkness, holding an unconscious girl in his arms.

"I was afraid she wouldn't come without resistance, so I gave her a sleeping powder. She will soon be all right. Goodbye and the best of luck," he muttered.

"We clasped hands and in a minute I was on my way.

"I saw the girl safely started across the English Channel. I arrived in Paris again one week later, just as it was falling dark. I went immediately to one of the numerous wine-shops of Paris to get a glass of wine and, incidentally, to hear the news.

"As I sat drinking my wine, I overheard a conversation between two men at the table across from mine.

"Yes, I was surprised too, but I think that we did what was right," one of them was saying.

"I agree with you," rejoined the other. "Anyone who would let an oppressor of the people escape is not a true citizen and should be treated as such."

"Later I learned the whole story. The escape of the Marquis' daughter was not discovered until the following morning. Suspicion fell immediately upon the turnkey, for who else could have unlocked the prison gates? I am afraid that the officials waited for no proof of his guilt. He was arrested, tried, convicted, and killed in less than a week.

"I have never heard of his sweetheart since I saw her safely aboard a ship for England. Whether she received my message, I do not know. Possibly she was found and taken back to Paris."

I was thinking of this story and the old man's death when my wife entered the room.

"Why, Louis, I believe you are actually thinking!"—jestingly of course.

"Vivette, do you remember that afternoon five years ago, when I learned that you loved me?"

"Silly, you know I will never forget that day."

"Well, as I was going back to Paris that afternoon, I met the old man whose death notice you see in this paper. He told me a story that I shall never forget."

Then I retold the story to her as you read it here.

THE DELAYED LETTER

You're expecting mail today,

You have heard someone say:

"The postman turned your way."

He gruffly answers, "No."

You sigh—he turns to go—

"No mail for So—and—So?"

Again in more detail

You sort the pack of mail

To find your name—but fail.

You meet him at the door,

He hands the letter o'er,

You ask him, "Are there more?"

The postman shuts the gate;

And railing then at fate,

Impatiently—you wait.

—LETA PRICE, '23.

(Continued on Page Eighty-six)

ORATORY & DEBATE



THE BLUE AND GOLD

YE INTERCLASSE DEBATE

From the Tournament Chap. in *Ivanhoe*, With Most Humble Apologies to
Sir Walter Scott

In that pleasant district of Hancock County which is watered by the River Blanchard there lies an ancient pile of red brick known as Findlay High School. Here rules the mighty and invincible Sir Finton, surrounded by his abject followers and supporters—the Seniors, the Juniors and the Sophomores.

Between the orders of Seniors and Juniors there has for a long time existed a more or less friendly rivalry which finds a vent in various contests of strength and skill. Among other struggles was that for the ownership of a certain banner which was hung on the wall of the castle and which ensign had emblazoned upon it in letters of gold the word "Debate." The order which excelled in this combat was entitled to place its colors upon this banner.

Of late the Seniors had excelled and for many months the rose and gray had won the place of honor. But the youthful Juniors, fearless as lions, challenged these seemingly invincible champions to a bloody combat to take place on the eleventh day of February. The challenge was accepted, the participants chosen, and preparations for the fray begun.

The morning of the eleventh rose in unclouded splendor, and, ere the clock had much more than struck the hour of half past one, the most eager of the spectators appeared in the Auditorium, moving to the front to secure a favorable situation for viewing the battle.

About the hour of two o'clock the whole Auditorium was crowded with the supporters of both orders, who had hastened to the tournament. Shortly after the judges of the day were ushered in.

At the same time Sir Finton and the contestants appeared upon the platform. No sooner were they seated than a burst of music, half drowned by the shouts of the multitude, greeted their new-born dignity. Meantime the footlights shone fierce and bright upon the polished Sunday shoes of the knights of either side, who crowded the opposite extremities of the lists, and held eager conference together concerning the best mode of arranging their chairs.

Sir Finton then proclaimed silence until the laws of the tourney should be read. Meanwhile the knights unsheathed their fountain pens, and several were seen to nervously tip toward their lips the massive flagons of Adam's Ale which stood on the tables.

It was a goodly and at the same time anxious sight to behold so many gallant champions stand ready prepared for an encounter so formidable, seated on their folding chairs like so many pillars of iron.

The question was then stated: "Resolved, That All Immigration Be Barred From the United States for a Period of Two Years." The names of the contestants read: Affirmative—Thelma Poole, Frank Slick, Addison Alspach, Mabel George alternate; negative—Clarence Fox, Richard Martz, Leon Mertz, Alice Cole alternate. Then the signal was given as Sir Finton proclaimed in a voice of thunder: "First speaker on the affirmative, Thelma Poole,"—and the fight was on.

The consequences of the encounter were by no means instantly seen for each side fought so nobly and so well. The champions thus encountering each other with the utmost fury and with alternate success, the tide of the battle seemed to flow now to the eastern—now to the western side of the stage as the one or the other party prevailed. Meantime the shouts of the combatants and the scratch of the pens mixed fearfully with the groans and cries of the spectators.

Yet such is the force of habit that not only the vulgar crowd but indeed the ladies of distinction encouraged the combatants not only by clapping their hands but indeed by crying "Go to it kid. We've got 'em sure!" Such was the interest taken by the fair sex in this bloody game, that of the men being more easily understood.

The air was tense with excitement as the rebuttal waxed fast and furious, until finally the last knight on the affirmative returned, breathless and exhausted to her place amid the applause of the multitude.

It now being the duty of the judges to make their decision, they accordingly retired amid the blare of trumpets. After many weary moments of anxious waiting, Sir Finton, assuming that air of courtesy which sits so well upon him when he is pleased to exhibit it, proclaimed in a voice tremulous with emotion that the judges had decided in favor of the Juniors. And then while the trumpets sounded, while the Juniors strained their voices in proclaiming honor to the debaters, while all the ranks formed in a clamorous shout of exultation, the shining streamers of purple and white were pinned upon the Debate banner.

Thus ended the memorable Junior-Senior debate, one of the most gallantly contested tournaments of the age.

—M. G.

THE BLUE AND GOLD



AFFIRMATIVE DEBATING TEAM

BOWLING GREEN-FINDLAY

DEBATE

First Speaker.....	Thelma Poole
Second Speaker....	Frank Slick
Third Speaker.....	Addison Alspach
Alternates.....	Mabel George and Glen Smith
Coach, Mr. Buess	
Chaperones, Miss Hill and Mr. Matteson	

(NOTE—Mabel George resigned two weeks before the debate)

Such was the personnel of the affirmative team which debated the question, "Resolved, That All Immigration to the United States Shall Be Prohibited for Two Years," on Friday evening, March 25th, at Bowling Green. After some six weeks' preparation (with invaluable aid from Miss Baker, Mr. Buess and Mr. Matteson) they made the trip, confident of victory if hard work and conscientious effort could win it. They returned confident that they had won the debate, although the decision was two to one against them.

Briefly the affirmative argument was: Present immigration is not being assimilated, it is a menace to American labor, and it is not fit material for American citizenship; it should therefore be shut off for a while in order to right matters, to make preparations for future immigration, and to get a more desirable type of immigrant. The Bowling Green team argued that the immigration problem is only a scare, that the United States could not be without a continuous stream of immigration, that immigrants of the past have been excellent citizens, and that the measure would shut off the Mexican and Bahama laborers. In rebuttal the affirmative gave facts disproving the negative arguments in each of the cases, while the negative rebuttal consisted of a continuation of the discussions which the negatives had started in their own constructive speeches.

Bowling Green had a veteran debater who, although he read some of his speech, had such a wonderful voice and such debating fire that the judges believed in him and nothing that the affirmatives said changed their minds. The negative rebuttal had been carefully written out, in some instances referring to supposed constructions which our affirmative team did not happen to mention.

Bowling Green certainly worked hard, and received the decision this year, but next year——! The whole affirmative just wants another whack at them on home territory.

—ONE OF THE TEAM.

THE BLUE AND GOLD



NEGATIVE DEBATING TEAM

THE FINDLAY-FOSTORIA DEBATE

If anyone had happened into the auditorium in the early part of March, he undoubtedly would have been quite surprised at finding a young forensic gladiator orating to a much interested audience of empty seats. Upon requesting enlightenment as to this amazing performance, one would have found that this was one of Findlay High School's six renowned debaters, preparing for the Fostoria-Bowling Green-Findlay clash of wit.

As the hands of the clock approached the fateful hour of eight on March 25th the quartet representing Fostoria and our stalwart mental defenders marched to the musical strains of the High School orchestra onto the stage to face a large-sized, appreciative audience. Chester Pendleton, the moderator, first stated the question: "Resolved, That All Immigration to the United States Should Be Prohibited for Two Years," then introduced Fostoria's first speaker, Earl Blasser, who delivered the introductory speech from the affirmative standpoint so forcefully that the Findlay rooters began to feel less confident as to the outcome. But when Boss, captain for the negatives, presented his argument with his usual attitude, the Findlay fans began to breathe a little more easily. Duane Harrold, Fostoria's second speaker, and Francis Collegan, captain of that quartet, attempted to show that the immigrants should be debarred from this country for two years because the immigrants are menacing our American laboring men and thus causing serious industrial depressions and that this country is incapable of assimilating all the foreigners. Fox and Mertz, both very easily outstripped their opponents in argument and further proved that the plan of prohibiting immigration for two years was impractical because of its depreciating social and commercial effect upon the country; the Findlay negatives then presented a substitute plan of well-developed restriction which was supported by the proof that we would then have adequate laws to cope with the situation.

In rebuttal, Fostoria's alternate, Thomas Faulhaber, as well as all three of the affirmative speakers had dire need for all of his traveling library of "Literary Digests," dictionaries, and so on; for the Findlay negatives practically took them by storm. Fox, Mertz and Boss, with the aid of their alert alternate, Elizabeth Bayless, proceeded to calmly reduce to nothingness Fostoria's eight points of argument, while the visitors were unable to unbalance the three well-established points of the Findlayettes.

While awaiting the decision of the judges, the High School Girls' Glee Club soothed the hearts of the battle-stained mob with their harmonious voices. As expected, the moderator returned the judges' decision unanimously for the negative.

As this is the first time Findlay ever won a unanimous decision over Fostoria in debate, the Justamere Club held a pow-wow after the debate at the home of James Crane at which both the Fostoria and Findlay teams were well entertained.

The Fostorians promised to return next year with an almost perfect team and warned Findlay of its danger and ultimate defeat. Findlay High School is going to lose its debating record unless it develops a well-organized debating team. Let us all remember and help to make next year's team an "all-star" team.

—ALBERT BOSS, President '21.

ACTIVITIES



L. SMITH

THE BLUE AND GOLD

GOOD ENGLISH WEEK

"Have you heard the news?" "What do you think is going to happen!" "Guess what everyone is saying!"

Expressions such as these could be heard all over F. H. S.; and the cause of it all was Good Speech Week, a nation-wide movement to bring Good English forward.

The students of English were to make posters proclaiming the usefulness of Good English. Of course we all responded heartily. We always do. You should have seen us getting those posters ready! School artists drew while the rest busily bothered them.

But that was not all that we did. Oh No! In Good Speech Week on—

Monday—James Bope gave us an instructive talk on Good Speech.

Tuesday—The Sophomore English classes gave an allegory which was very interesting. It showed how disgusting bad English is.

Wednesday—The Business English classes presented a small play showing the value of good English in the business world.

Thursday—Short speeches were given by several students, bringing out the use of good English in all of our studies.

Friday—A play was given in the auditorium by the English Literature classes. It showed a student straying from good English to slang and other bad English forms. Having found no work would be given to a companion of slang he returns to good King English.

All this time posters were coming in. Such posters! They were an asset to our school history. The best were taken and shown in the windows up town, also slogans were thrown upon the movie screens.

Yes all in all, Good English Week did us all some good. We caught ourselves in slips from good grammar. We found that we made more mistakes than we had thought but we quickly corrected ourselves.

We all hope that this will not be the last Good Speech Week, and that it will help others as it did us.

—MARY BREWER.

THE RED CROSS CAMPAIGN

About three weeks before the Christmas vacation, the Red Cross Campaign was raging throughout the country. The proceeds were for the starving people of Europe. When such an important matter rises before the country, it most naturally falls before the school boys and girls. That is what happened in Findlay High School.

The Red Cross workers had issued Christmas seals to be sold for only one cent each. These were put into the hands of our principal, Mr. Finton, who was to distribute them throughout the entire school. Each one was asked to bring his money to help put the great drive across. The large pages of Christmas seals were handed to the first person in each row, who in turn was to pass them to the others and collect the money.

Do you suppose Findlay High School would fall behind in such an important movement? No, not one individual could withstand the thoughts of that. Each and every one was ready with his money to buy Christmas Seals.

Not being satisfied with the first amount collected, in a few days we had another big drive. More and more seals were sold. As Findlay High School will never stop until the highest possible standard is reached, the students were next asked to contribute five dollars each, and in turn receive five hundred Christmas Seals. Many responded willingly. Anything in the minds of the High School students, to keep up the reputation F. H. S. has always had!

In this campaign the High School forwarded one hundred dollars, to the very mark, for the great cause for which it was intended.

EASTERN RELIEF FUND

The children of Europe and China were starving. The United States was asked to save them and it answered nobly. When these conditions were presented to Findlay High School by the principal, Mr. Finton, it was very willing to help. The pupils were asked to contribute all they possibly could and they did not disappoint the committee. Whenever called upon to help in any campaign or fund they have answered to the best of their ability. F. H. S.'s reputation for generosity is well known and every pupil feels that it is his duty to help uphold it.

It was explained that the starving children would be the future citizens of their countries and if we would help them, when they so needed it, we would have secured life-long friends.

On December second, nineteen-twenty, the last pupil in each row was asked to pass along the aisles and collect the money the girls and boys had to give. When the money was counted it was found that one hundred seventy eight dollars and forty-five cents had been given for the fund. The teachers added to this by a subscription of one hundred dollars.

When the pupils were addressed this remark was made, "I think that there are some of you, who, by denying yourselves some of your pleasures, can give enough to feed one child until the next harvest. In the next few days twelve subscriptions were handed in. Each was for ten dollars, the amount necessary to save a child. The organizations that gave were: The Justamere, the Senior Commercial Club, the Orchestra and three English Literature classes. The pupils were Ruthanna Davis, Ethel Dorsey, Lorine Moore, Helen E. Huffman, Virginia Duncan and Clarabel Shoupe.

The total amount given by the school and the teachers was enough to save twenty-seven children.

—PAULINE McEWEN.



THE SENIOR COMMERCIAL CLUB

—D. R., '21.

Officers

Officers	
Richard Martz.....	President
Addison Alspach.....	Vice President
James Crane.....	Secretary and Treasurer
Miss Baker.....	Critic and Big Sister

—JAMES CRANE, '22.



SENIOR COMMERCIAL CLUB



THE BLUE AND GOLD



HI-Y CLUB

THE FINDLAY HI-Y CLUB

The Hi-Y Club was organized in the month of October, 1920, under the supervision of Mr. Cundy, then General Secretary of the Findlay Association. James Bope was elected president; Don Gassman, vice-president; Frank Slick; secretary, and Justin Glatthart, treasurer.

The Hi-Y Club is a national organization composed of High School upper classmen, organized to promote "Clean Speech, Clean Habits, Clean Athletics." The local organization has been recognized by the State and National Headquarters.

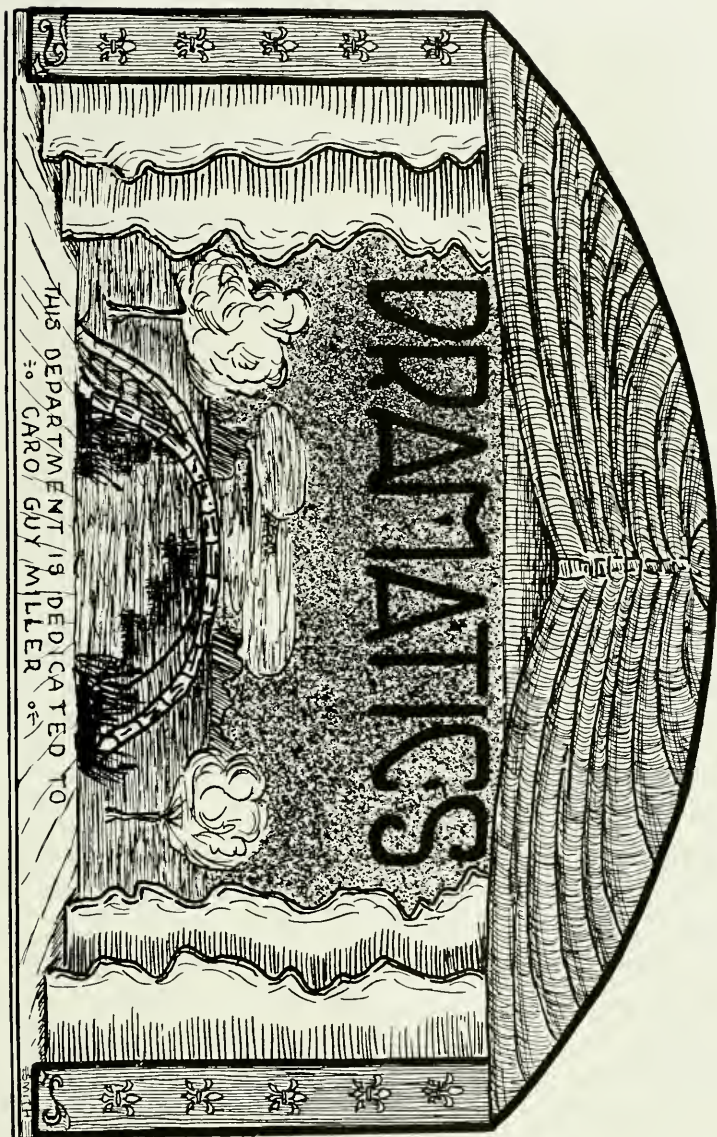
The Findlay Hi-Y Club has an advisory committee consisting of Mr. I. F. Matteson, Superintendent of Public Schools; Mr. R. K. Davis, a well-known business man, and Mr. W. L. Doerty, Physical Director of the Y. M. C. A.

This season's activities were begun with a banquet held at the Y. at which an appreciation was presented to Mr. Cundy for his efforts in organizing the club. Since then some very interesting meetings have been held at which talks were given by various prominent men of the city.

Due to the efforts of the Hi-Y Club, the Y. M. C. A. has been opened on Sunday afternoons. Several Sunday programs of a religious nature were given.

Although this is the first year for the Hi-Y Club, much interest has been shown and the Club is steadily growing. The possibilities of success for the coming year are unlimited.

—GLATHART, '21.



THE BLUE AND GOLD



Caro Miller

Caro Guy Miller, our friend and honorary classmate, is one whom, in the future, we may look back upon as one who has made a most remarkable success of one form of activities—dramatics—in F. H. S. It is he who is responsible for the many real, successful productions given by the students.

His first connection with the school along the theatrical line was his presentation of the opera *Mikado* in 1920. The success of this production was well proven by the fact that three night performances were necessary.

Following this he assisted the graduating class of '20 with its Commencement play, thus making a success of it.

By this time he appeared to have taken much interest in High School theatricals. So when the class of '22 decided to present *Officer 666*, Mr. Miller was again called upon and again devoted much time and effort, making possible a play worthy of much praise.

He was prevailed upon to direct and manage the oper, *Iolanthe*. This fact alone assured its success.

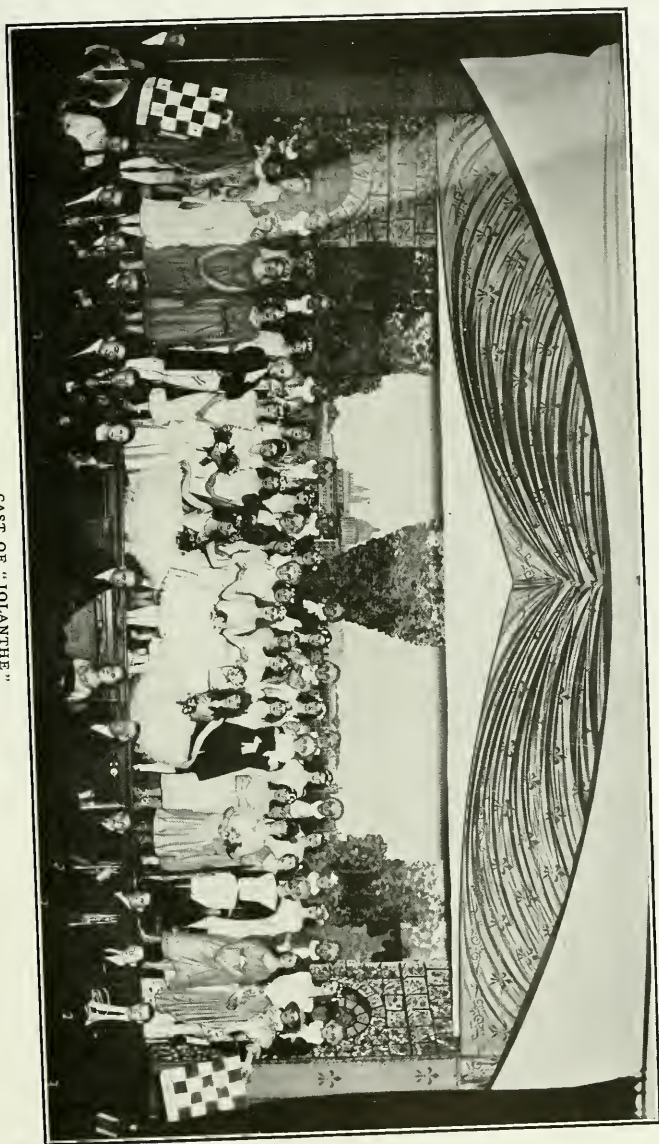
The play, *Pals First*, is one in which Mr. Miller has taken special interest from its very beginning, making the Commencement play of the class of '21 one long to be remembered, not alone for its trained performance, but the unusual scenic effects, due entirely to his untiring labor and personal sacrifice of time and comfort.

From all this untiring interest in the school's activities, one can understand how much we are indebted to our friend.

It is wholly through the efforts of Mr. Miller that the old and inadequate stage and scenery have been transformed into the finest of its kind in many auditoriums. His artistic ability, coupled with his thorough knowledge of stage arrangements has created this wonderful improvement in our theatrical equipment.

Few, if any schools in the country are so honored as to have the friendship and interest of a man of his caliber, a man not only known throughout America, but almost equally known abroad, one who has made some of the brightest stars in the theatrical world to-day.

Our appreciation of this talented man and above all his generosity of his talents cannot well be expressed. We can only offer Mr. Miller our sincerest appreciation for his co-operation and assistance. Caro G. Miller will always occupy a place in the heart, individually and collectively, of Findlay High School of 1921.



CAST OF "IOLANTHE"

THE BLUE AND GOLD

"IOLANTHE"

The curtain rises on the scene of an Arcadian landscape brightened by the dainty little fairies who are gleefully tripping their usual dances. Yet fairy revels are not what they were since Iolanthe, the heart and soul of fairyland has been banished, having broken the fairy laws by marrying a mortal.

Because of the love for her the Fairy Queen did not have her killed but sentenced her to penal servitude for life on condition that she would never again speak to her husband.

The Fairies implore the Queen to summon Iolanthe back to them and being sympathetic, she does so.

On questioning her of her whereabouts it is learned that she has a son, Strephon, an Arcadian shepherd, 24 years old, who is half a fairy. Strephon is in love with the beautiful ward Phillis, but they are unable to obtain the Lord Chancellor's consent for their marriage for the Lord Chancellor also is seeking her hand.

Lord Tolloller and Lord Mountarat, two Earls, also seek Phillis' hand in vain.

The plot thickens when the Peers think Iolanthe, Strephon's mother, a young girl, because being a fairy she never grows old, and tell Phillis. Strephon pleads with them in vain only to be scorned and ridiculed. Phillis, thinking she has been deceived by Strephon, offers her heart to any Peer, saying she don't care which.

The Second Act opens in the Palace yard of the Westminster Hall, guarded by the Sentry, Private B. Willis. Soon the fairies enter, rejoicing because of Strephon's popularity in Parliament.

Strephon and Phillis meet and Strephon discloses his secret to her that he is a fairy down to the waist. He introduces his mother to Phillis and they are both surprised to hear that the Lord Chancellor is her husband and Strephon's father.

The Lord Chancellor enters and Iolanthe appeals to him concerning the marriage of her son and tells him she is his wife, thus she breaks her vow and is doomed to die. The Queen raises her spear to kill Iolanthe but Lord Chancellor and Strephon implore her mercy and it is made known that all the fairies have broken the laws and are doomed to die. So a plan is suggested by the Lord Chancellor to change the law to "The fairy who does not marry a mortal shall die."

The greater part of the honor for the success of the opera is to be given to Mr. Miller, who not only devoted nearly all his time to directing the opera, but also painted the beautiful scenery.

A great deal of credit is also due Mr. Roberts, the musical director, and the orchestra whose accompaniment assisted in the success of the opera.

THE CAST

Strephon.....	Richard Martz
Iolanthe.....	Emma Roberts
Queen of Fairies.....	Ada Roberts
Phillis.....	Vivian Perkins
Lord Chancellor.....	Leonard Smith
Lord Tolloller.....	Leon Mertz
Lord Mountarat.....	Donald Shafer
Sentry.....	Arthur Eddie
Lelia.....	Jesse Altschul
Fleta.....	Ethelda Williams
Celia.....	Betty Brickman

THE BLUE AND GOLD



SENIOR PLAY CAST

"PALS FIRST"

For the last few years the senior classes of Findlay High School have chosen for their commencement plays either comedies or classical productions and seldom have chosen a real mystery play. Such is the character of the play, "Pals First," that was selected by the rhetorical committee. This is a strictly modern American play, in fact so modern that it could be secured only in regular manuscript form.

There is a young millionaire, Richard Fentrice Castleman, who is afflicted with the first stages of tuberculosis. In order to recover, he leaves the country, and while abroad he meets and becomes a friend with a man on shipboard, who also is afflicted with tuberculosis, and who, it develops, is an escaped convict. The convict, however, is in the last stages of the dread disease, and realizes that soon he must cross the "Great Divide." The latter, wishing to leave this world an honored and respected citizen, exchanges names with Richard Castleman. Thereafter Richard goes about as Danny Rowland, an escaped convict, from San Quentin Prison, with a price on his head.

During this life of a tramp, he meets up with an older tramp, Dominic, whom he saves from dying of hunger. They become pals and wander about until they get within a few miles of Nashville, Tennessee. Here Danny seeks Dominic's aid in assuming the ownership of an apparently deserted house whose owner was supposed to have died. While playing the role of the real owner, Danny and his pal get into precarious situations when the negro servants, Aunt Caroline and Uncle Alex nearly identify Danny. Further complications are brought about when the family lawyer, Judge Logan, the real owner's sweetheart, Jean, and Dr. Chilton, a cousin of the supposed deceased owner, enter upon the scene.

Dominie, the older tramp, becomes almost as interested in a very deaf woman, Aunt Alicia, as Danny does in Jean, the pretty heroine.

They are nearly betrayed by a third tramp, "The Squirrel." Finally after many attempts to avoid bad positions, they all find out that Danny is the real owner and was receiving money orders from Judge Logan, which helped to bring Dominic back to living a straight life. Also in conclusion, it is proven by Danny that Dr. Chilton had tried to destroy a will belonging to Danny. He is foiled in his attempt to get possession of the old colonial mansion.

The success of the play was assured by the generous gift of the rare theatrical talent of Mr. Caro G. Miller, who was assisted by Miss Baker, Miss Hill and Miss Culler.

The following cast was chosen:

Danny, Leon Meritz; Dominic, Harold Eckhardt; Jea, Carol Pickering; Harry Chilton, Parker Platt; Judge Logan, Justin Gathart; Aunt Alicia, Mary Hummel; Aunt Caroline, Marguerite Gaines; Uncle Alex, James Bope; The Squirrel, Willard Grooms; Stivers, Howard Henderson; Gordon, Eugene Krouse.

—H. G. E.

THE BLUE AND GOLD



JUNIOR PLAY CAST

"OFFICER 666"

Thrills! Mystery! Romance!

Romance! Mystery! Thrills!

Such was the play "Officer 666," presented February 25, by the Junior class of Findlay High School. Those who saw it say that it was the most stupendous, spectacular, spectacle ever presented by F. H. S.

Travers Gladwin, a young millionaire is abroad in search of a thrill. While he is abroad, a gentleman burglar disguises himself as Travers Gladwin and takes possession of the millionaire's home in upper 5th Avenue. Travers, returning home unexpectedly, finds the thief about to make his getaway with some valuable paintings. (Note: It was worth the price of the play to see the Carol's, Reuben's, Reynolds', and Messonier's.)

Then a girl arrived upon the scene and Travers' first real thrill began. But ah! sad fate! She was already engaged to said burglar and intended to elope with him that night! How Travers disguised himself as Officer 666, regained his paintings and gained the girl, was one long and glorious thrill.

Basil Robinson's interpretation of a young millionaire was so realistic that we hope at some future time he may acquire that station of life for longer than just one night.

The dainty little Treva Elsea not only captivated the hero but succeeded in capturing the hearts of the entire audience.

Jack Betts, the confidential friend, was the hit of the evening, keeping every one in an uproar when he was on the stage.

Marjorie Slick as Sadie Small, with her quiet and demure personality, quite succeeded in "vamping" Jack to the extent that a less talented actor than he would have forgotten his lines. As they say, "watch the quiet ones."

Lois Hart need never fear old age for she makes a very beautiful elderly woman.

Don Gassman, as the gentleman burglar, made a very villainous villain. His acting was exceptional and the addition to his countenance, namely his little mustache, was very becoming.

And hegorra, Jack Parsons as Michael Phelan, surely made some Irishman. He was "Officer 666, at yez service, sort," and he certainly was immense.

Arthur Byal as the Jap valet Bateato, and James Crane as Watkins, the chauffeur, acted their parts well.

Byron Vorhees made a very distinguished chief of police and issued his orders in a very commendable manner. He had his force, composed of George Edie, Alfred Hards, George Harpst and Glenn Smith, so well trained that they are well qualified for positions on the Findlay police force.

If the faculty at any time feel the need of a detective to trace a note, etc., it would be well to call on Howard West. He carried the role of Kearney, the plain clothes man, very well.

But the success of the play, the perfect acting of the players must be attributed to the earnest, untiring efforts of Miss Hill, Miss Baker and Mr. Caro Guy Miller. Under their guidance, their suggestions, and their instructions, the play passed into history as the great star drama of F. H. S.

And Mr. Miller—words fail me, when I think of the wonderful things he has accomplished and is accomplishing for our high school. He has given and is still giving his time and his energy gratis to make our theatrical attempts successful and the debt that F. H. S. owes him can never be paid. It is a note-worthy fact that no high school in the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Gulf of Mexico to the borders of Canada, can boast of a friend and helper like our own Caro Miller. All honor and praise to his name.

—MARGARET McLEOD.

THE BLUE AND GOLD



JUSTAMERE CLUB CAST

JUSTAMERE RHETORICALS

Like a bolt from a clear sky came the news to the Justamere Club that five days would be given them to get a program ready in honor of George Washington's birthday. For five short days and nights Miss Baker and a few of her faithful wards worked frantically and furiously in an effort to produce a program which would be pleasing to the critical eyes and ears of a Findlay High School audience.

The aforesaid indicated their appreciation of the two numbers furnished by the orchestra by talking incessantly during the melodious diversion. Donald Gassman and Frank Slick delivered orations which would have compelled Cicero to sit up and take notice. Gladys Needles and Ruthanna Davis showed us that vocal talent still exists in Findlay High School and their songs were very appropriate for the occasion. Emily Gibson read an original essay on "The Fame of Washington" which was not only interesting but educational as well. Ferne Williams gave a reading which appealed to all. Albert Boss played a violin solo which caused us to look closely to determine whether it was Albert or Heifetz wielding the bow.

Last but not least, came a one-act play which, as James Bope, the chairman, expressed it, "originated in the fertile brain of Byron Vorhees." When the curtain rose the eye first rested on the life-sized pictures of Martha and George Washington hung on the walls of an attractive living room. The center of the stage was occupied by a student of F. H. S. attempting to get his Latin lesson by playing the victrola, reading the Morning Republican, and singing the latest popular songs. Dick Martz lived this part with dramatic ability. This student was disgusted with life and Caesar and voiced aloud the sentiment that George Washington had never had the problems and trials which he was experiencing. His mother entered at this point to bring this over-burdened, down-hearted boy something to eat and also to offer some advice, as mothers will, along the line of more efficient study. Josephine Marshall made a very charming and dignified mother.

After his mother's exit Dick went to sleep and Martha and George Washington stepped out of their frames and appeared to Dick in a dream dancing the minuet. Margaret McLeod as Martha appeared very lovely with her white hair and old-fashioned dress. If the real one was as graceful a dancer as her picture she deserved a great deal of praise. Leon Mertz in his satin knee breeches and powdered wig did Washington honor as he easily tripped the light fantastic. They ceased dancing and both told the sleeping Dick how they had gained fame, not by the primrose path but by hard and constant work and study.

As the clock struck twelve the pictures returned to their frames and Dick awoke. He resolved then and there that he would follow George Washington's advice and footsteps by beginning to study in earnest. The last scene was of Dick's mother sitting on the arm of his chair assuring him that some day he might be president of his country if he worked and studied hard enough, and so, gentle reader, may you!

—LOIS HART, '22.

THE BLUE AND GOLD

THE JUNIOR RHETORICALS

All was calm until suddenly an almost overwhelming flood of F. H. S. students burst out of the assembly hall, poured down over the old steps, rushing on into the auditorium. Then—

"Wally, wally, wah hoo—wah hoo wah!
Juniors,—Juniors,—Rah! Rah! Rah!"

soared to the roof. To be sure that was that day of the Junior Thanksgiving rhetoricals!

The faithful High School orchestra directed by Prof. Roberts, opened the program. Following the stirring words of our class president, Donald Gassman, was the presentation of "America in Pilgrim Days." When the prologue to the first part had been given by an Indian brave, several scenes were portrayed in pantomime while Thelma Poole read the lines from Longfellow's "Hiawatha." A Puritan maiden delivered the prologue to the second part. The scenes following were taken from Longfellow's well-known "Courtship of Miles Standish." A fitting close to the afternoon program was the epilogue delivered by Columbia, who was supported in her role by Hiawatha, Minnehaha, Miles Standish, John Alden and Priscilla.

The following were the cast of students:

PART I.

Indian Brave.....	William Andrews
Hiawatha, as a youth.....	Arthur Byal
Nokomis.....	Ruth Dye
Iagoo, a young hunter.....	Jackson Betts
Minnehaha.....	Lois Hart
Minnehaha's Father.....	Glenn Smith
Hiawatha, as a man.....	Addison Alspach
Priest.....	Frank Slick
Indian Braves—Dwight Dehaven, Kenneth Schultz, Edson Wise, Merle Bishop, William Andrews, Glenn Smith.	

PART II.

Puritan Maiden.....	Helen Reimund
Miles Standish.....	James Crane
John Alden.....	Basil Robinson
Priscilla.....	Ruthanna Davis
Priest.....	Frank Slick
Pilgrims—Dwight Dehaven, Kenneth Schultz, Edson Wise, Merle Bishop, William Andrews, Glenn Smith.	
Columbia.....	Mildred Whetstone

The Class of '22 is greatly indebted to Miss Hill, Miss Arnold and Miss Baker for their untiring efforts in drilling the students and to Mr. Caro G. Miller, who has displayed such a keen interest in all High School activities, for his generous and whole-hearted assistance.

—R. D., '22.

SOPHOMORE RHETORICALS

For the first time in several years the unwritten rule that Sophomores should not give rhetoricals was broken on February 19.

The occasion being Lincoln's birthday, two scenes from John Drinkwater's play, Abraham Lincoln, were chosen to be presented. The first scene that was given, which took place in the Reception Hall at the White House, was pronounced a success. And why shouldn't it be when we had Newton Priddy to take the role of Lincoln; Audrey Barkalow to act as the charming hostess of the White House; Clarabelle Shoup to portray an every-day Mrs. Blow, and she surely blew about her Gaiiothe; Peg Renninger to amuse us with her wit and common sense while acting as a maid; Dorothy Cole and Nelson Rozelle to add to the impressiveness of the scene?

The second scene was more impressive and serious than the first. It took place at a farm house near Appomatox during the Civil War. The prisoner (Wm. Harpst) and General Grant (Delbert Gerard) and his subordinates showed unusual talent throughout this scene. Lincoln was especially good.

Before the curtains were drawn, Paul Day gave a talk on the Beatitudes in Lincoln's life and Ruth Fuller gave a synopsis of the play.

The property managers for the Sophomore class were James Snyder, Elmo Tyner, Eugene Heischman and Harry Tucker.

THE BLUE AND GOLD



SENIOR COMMERCIAL CLUB CAST

MRS. BUMPSTEAD-LEIGH

The Senior Commercial Club established a rather dangerous precedent last year with their invasion of the realm of the strictly professional drama by producing "It Pays to Advertise." This year the committee secured as a worthy successor the refreshing comedy in which Mrs. Fiske starred for several successful seasons: "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh" by Harry James Smith.

When old Jim Sayles, "the Sufferer's Friend," of Missionary Loop, Indiana, departed this life he left to his none-too-sorrowful family a fair-to-middling fortune and a patent medicine memory. Determining to use the former to expunge the latter, they escape to Washington, adopt the more euphonious name "de Salle," and prepare to "strike the best bargain with the world" they can by "marrying well" (or rather "wealth").

Adelaide, the elder daughter, succeeds in attaching herself matrimonially to the Reverend Algernon Bumpstead-Leigh, and from this hyphenated vantage-point has nearly achieved an even more brilliant "alliance" for Violet, her sister, when inexorable fate, in the form of Peter Swallow, monumentalist, confronts her. Pete was fresh (in every sense of the word) from Missionary Loop, and among other little details "Della" had once been engaged to him, and had annexed the mentioned Algernon without the formality of freeing herself from existing entanglements. Though Pete was a seller of tombstones, he was far from being a "dead one," and he now saw a delectable opportunity for revenge. But Adelaide's elevated manner, her French and her lorgnette carried the day, and Pete had withdrawn vanquished, when Violet determined to throw off the mantle of deceit and informed the assembled aristocrats of the true identity of the three impostresses.

How Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh triumphs over these fresh complications and how everything ends happily for everybody who deserved it, is told in the rapid and delightful denouement.

All parts were acceptably taken, however, special mention must be made of the brilliant way Miss Leola Akin portrayed the leading role of Mrs. Adelaide Bumpstead-Leigh, with her dual personality ranging from the haughty savor faire of the old world aristocracy to the "hard boiled" colloquialisms of Missionary Loop.

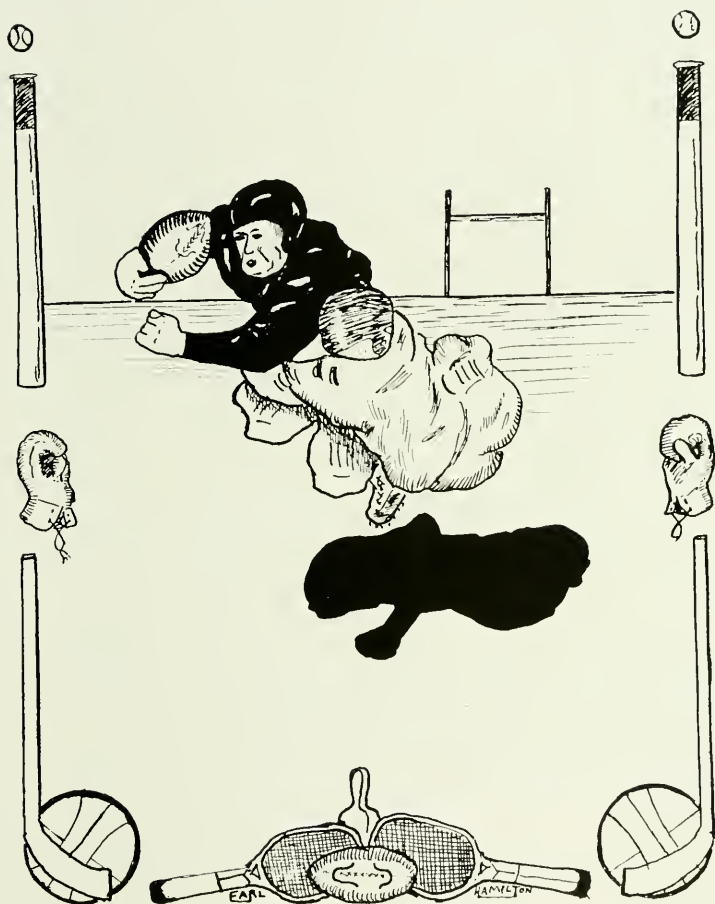
CAST OF CHARACTERS

Justin Rawson.....	Theodore Herge
Miss Rawson, his sister.....	Frances Montgomery
Geoffrey Rawson, his elder son.....	Howard Henderson
Anthony Rawson, his younger son.....	Ralph Malcolm
Stephen Leavitt.....	Ralph Kagey
Mrs. Stephen Leavitt.....	Helen Hoffman
Peter Swallow.....	Harry Chatelain
Mrs. de Salle.....	Ruth Reed
Mrs. Adelaide Bumpstead-Leigh.....	Leola Akin
Violet de Salle.....	Genna Cole
Kitson.....	Gerald Brickman
Nina.....	Rowie Binkley

The Misses Hudnell and Arnold and Mr. Hutson were faculty supervisors, and Leo S. Rosencrans directed the singing. Mr. Harold Burket was the property manager.



ATHLETICS



THE BLUE AND GOLD

FOOT BALL



FOOTBALL

DEDICATION

To those that follow—may they obtain glory and fame, and keep our athletic reputation from being soiled—athletics is dedicated.

THE TEAM

Coach.....	Fremont Shull
Captain.....	Michael ("Mike") Crohen
Manager.....	Lewis F. Buess
Left End.....	Walter Wellman
Left Tackle.....	Bergan Wilson
Left Guard.....	Alfred Hards
Center.....	Don Fellabaum
Right End.....	Newton Priddy
Right Tackle.....	{ William Andrews
	{ Theodore Herge
Right Guard.....	{ Theodore Herge
	{ Harold Eckhardt
Quarterback.....	Harry Shaffer
Left Halfback.....	{ Michael ("Mike") Crohen
	{ Parker Platt
Right Halfback.....	Paul Dye
Fullback.....	John Andrews



FOOTBALL TEAM

THE BLUE AND GOLD

THE PLAYERS

"Irish" Crohen

Captain Crohen has played his last game for old "F. H. S." For four years he has held down the berth of Left Halfback. In graduating he leaves a position that will be hard to fill, as he was a punter, drop kicker, and line plunger of considerable note.

"Dinty" Herge

Is a name that will live long in the "F. H. S." annals of football. Filling the position of Right Tackle, he could stop anything from teamwork to a rat hole. He acted as Captain in a very able manner, in the absence of Crohen. He will be back next year.

"Ike" Dye

Captain -elect for the 1921 season, and Dye is a good man for the place. A fleet halfback and broken-field runner. He should look forward to a brilliant prospect and team should make a fine record under him.

"Bill" Andrews

Forced out by a broken leg in one of the first games, Bill was placed on the retired list. Bill says he will be back next year fighting for a berth.

John Andrews

Not since the Routzon brothers of '16 have two brothers been on the team. John held down the berth of fullback most of the season. A good line plunger with plenty of grit. By the way, he is only a freshman this year, and great development promises.

"Chic" Shaffer

Our little quarterback was the lightest man on the team, weighing about 110 pounds. He deserves much credit in his handling of the team. He leaves us this year, taking with him a well-earned diploma.

"Fat" Hards

Was always on the job. An opposing fullback stopped when he came to "Fat." He possessed great ability as a tackler, and in mussing up opponent's plays. He comes back next year to fill left guard.

"Belgian" Priddy

His first year on the team, and only a Sophomore. He was fast in getting down under punts, and in blocking end runs. Needless to say he will be back next year.

"Bunny" Fellabaum

He was a little late in getting started, but when he did he was always climbing over or under the opposing line and nailing the runner. He had the pep and fight, and never laid down. Its too bad he leaves us this year.

"Pete" Platt

A fellow does not like to apologize for himself, so I will not write anything here. (Editor's Note—Platt possesses three qualities we admire in any one—pluck, perseverance, and modesty. These should stand him in good stead as he goes through life, for he leaves us this year. As a football player, he was always on the job ready to do his part, and won his letter by hard work).

"Ecky" Eckhardt

Possessing weight and ability to use it, "Ecky" filled right guard to perfection, always tearing into the other fellow and fighting to the last. He will be missed next year.

"Bergo" Wilson

His ability as a dead-sure tackler, and the fact that he is afraid of nothing makes him one of the best left tackles F. H. S. has had. He will be around next year.

"Swede" Wellman

One of the new faces on our team. He is only a freshman this year and was a fine left end. He was always getting down for passes and blocking in end runs. He will be back next year to show the other teams how it is done.

REVIEW OF 1920 FOOTBALL

In the fall, with the first tidings of school, there comes to every red-blooded American boy the call of football.

When school opened last September, quite a stir was created by the announcement that a faculty coach, something that was and is sadly needed in Findlay High School, had been procured for us. With this, and the fact that six letter men of last year were back—Crohen, Herge, Hards, Wilson, B. Andrews and Dye—things looked rather bright. A substantial framework for a team was at once apparent.

Irish Crohen, who did good work the season before, was again elected to take the rudder and pilot the team through the shoals.

On the first night of practice, forty-five men reported on the field in uniform, the largest number that has turned out in years.

THE BLUE AND GOLD

With this large amount of material, a champion outfit should have been turned out. In about a week, this number was sorted down to two teams, and several subs who were kept out all season.

Kenton was first on our schedule, September 25th, and so we packed our grips and took a trip to that southern town. Their team was an unknown quantity, as we had not played them for some years. Here we received our first set back. Although we fought hard and resolved never to say "die," when the game was finished, the score was 6 to 0 in their favor. But we had our baptism, and settled down to work.

On Saturday, October second, Lima South came here to engage in a battle of football with us at Athletic Park. They were a husky bunch, but our team had been strengthened since the first game, and we romped right down the field. When the dust of the battle had cleared, we had handed them the little end of a 34 to 0 score. Although we won, this game was the beginning of our misfortunes, because of the fact that B. Andrews, our husky Right Tackle, received a broken leg, which kept him on crutches the rest of the season.

Then we undertook the long journey to Defiance on October the 9th, with our jinx close on our trail. Minnich sustained a wrenched ankle, and because of parental objections, he was forced to quit. Defiance found that she had a player over the age limit, so the game was forfeited to us, making the score 1 to 0.

October sixteenth, we played Lima Central at Lima; this resulted in our best game of the year. Lima scored the first touch down, then we woke up and let ourselves loose. When the game was over we were the victors by a score of 33 to 14.

On Saturday, October 23rd, Ada blew into town. At 2:30 we were engaged in battle royal. Everything seemed to be wrong for they chalked up a score of 20 to 0 in the first half. Findlay made a rally but did not start soon enough. Thus when the whistle blew and the game was over, they were victorious with a score of 20 to 0. This started our hard luck again.

The next Saturday we traveled by automobile to Napoleon. Their whole team seemed to be their fullback; but that was enough. We were defeated by a score of 28 to 0. Not satisfied with this, Dye, our star Right Half, received a cracked ankle, putting him out of the game, also on crutches for the rest of the season.

Then came the day, always looked forward to in the annals of our school, the battle with Fostoria, which occurred on November sixth. They had a fine team, developed under a fine coach. Two of their touchdowns were made by forward passes. Findlay fought nobly, and succeeded in walking down the field, but we were never able to score. Thus, we received the small end of the score of 27 to 0.

Fremont was next in line, and on November thirteenth, the game was played in that town. Besides being a football team, the players were also members of the "Champion Heavy Weight Club of America." Findlay had a fairly heavy line but Fremont had about ten two hundred pounders on her team. Sad to say, but nevertheless true, we were walloped 63 to 0.

We journeyed to Tiffin the next Friday, November nineteenth. On the first play we carried the ball down to the shadow of their goal post, but they held us on downs. The first quarter was a see-sawing back and forth. In the third they began to score, and when the final whistle blew, the score was 26 to 0 against us.

On Turkey Day Bowling Green came here confident. But at last we were able to break our jinx. We took the lead with a touchdown, but failed at goal. In the next quarter they made a touchdown but failed at goal. This made it six all. Our line was working in fine condition, and we were able to gain more ground. In the last quarter Bowling Green was forced to punt. Schuhardt caught the ball and with perfect interference ran sixty yards for the touchdown. Goal was kicked and the whistle blew before much more could be accomplished. The final score was 13 to 6 in our favor.

A strong Alumni team was gathered together to play our team, the proceeds to be used to purchase sweaters. Before the veterans we were able to accomplish nothing, consequently we were defeated 27 to 0.

The team heartily wishes to express its thanks to the players of the Alumni team.

RESERVES

The second team, coached by George Herrick, journeyed to Mt. Cory on October eighth, and met their defeat 38 to 0.

On October fifteenth they went to McComb and met their second defeat, 14 to 6. October twenty-second McComb came here to do battle and again defeated them by the same score, 14 to 6.

The second team was not without its misfortunes. Paige received a wrenched ankle and was kept on crutches awhile, and M. Dye was presented with several broken fingers. The men who received second team letters are as follows:

Lang, Hosler, Bishop, Schuhardt, Slough, Betts, Messamore, R. Wellman, Paige, Plotts, Williams, Hazel, McCarthy and Beltz.

Others who were out in the course of the year:

Capell, Warner, Harpst, M. Dye, Tyner, Edwards, Vorhees, Krouse, Minnich.

—PARKER PLATT, '21.

THE BLUE AND GOLD

BASKET BALL



THE TEAM

Manager.....	Mr. Buess
Coach.....	Mr. Shull
Captain.....	Don Fellabaum
Doctor.....	Cloyce Thomas
Right Forward.....	{ Harry Shaffer
	{ Paul Dye
Left Forward.....	Don Fellabaum
Center.....	John Alexander
Right Guard.....	Theodore Herge
Left Guard.....	{ Newton Priddy
	{ Byron Vorhees
Subs—Kenneth Shultz, Earl Misamore, James Bope, Porter Gillespie, Don Stillberger	



HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL

THE BLUE AND GOLD

REVIEW OF 1920-21 BASKETBALL

Gentle reader, since this ordeal has been wished on me, you will have to pay the price of my folly. It is necessary therefore to record a few of the happenings during the season.

Our coach, Mr. Shull, from Gahona, Ohio, was secured by the school board to take a place on the faculty and also to coach.

As traditions decree that we start the season on New Year's Day, we started by playing the "1920 Team" which consisted of Duncanson, Conway, Weaver, Elmore, Kessel, Lea and Byal. The game was fast and snappy and the "Team of 1920" showed that they had not forgotten how to play basketball and took us across to the tune of 27-9.

Our team gathered together its baggage on Friday, January 7, and traveled south to Lima where we met Lima South. In a fast and tough game we came out of the game with the big end of the 15-13 score.

On January 14, Lima Central came to our big city. The Central aggregation showed a perfected and clean game in which they walked away with Findlay, who took the small end of the 31-10 score.

F. H. S., on January 21, next journeyed to Bowling Green where, after playing a good and hard game, we lost by the score of 22-20. This game was lost because of the inability to shoot fouls.

On January 28, our old foe, Fostoria, entered our city. In a fast and furious game they came out victorious and beat us by a score of 39-19.

The Tiffin aggregation came to Findlay, on February 4, and in a very slow game, Findlay lost to Tiffin by a score of 23-19.

The next Friday, February 11, Lima South came to Findlay expecting revenge for the first game that they lost, but our team took their scalp in a hard and closely fought game by a score of 15-12.

On Tuesday, February 15, Findlay went to Van Buren to play a practice game and won by a score of 29-21.

Findlay journeyed to Lima Central, February 18, and were completely swamped by the fast and clean game that Central played. Central won by a score of 40-10.

The Bowling Green aggregation entered our big city of Findlay, March 4, with the big idea that they were going to repeat the act of defeating Findlay again, but they were mistaken. Findlay won this time by a score of 19-15.

Findlay journeyed to Fostoria, March 11, and in a game that was too fast and furious for our team, Fostoria seemed to roll in the baskets at will and defeated us by a score of 52-7.

The last game of the Trolley League came March 18, when our team went to Tiffin. In a hard-fought game on a dance floor, we lost by a score of 37-19.

The next and last game of the season was the Alumni game which was one of the best games witnessed here. We lost by a score of 43-26. All of Findlay's former stars were in action. The Alumni team was composed of Routzon, Foltz, Dunlap, Misamore, Weaver and Stough. The proceeds of this game bought the team sweaters and the team sorely wishes to thank the Alumni for their splendid gift.

The following are those who won the much-coveted letter for good work on the basketball floor:

Capt. Fellabaum

Since it is hard for a fellow to apologize for himself, Don't think anything of it if I don't write anything in this space. (Editor's Note—Don worked hard this year. Not only did he score the most points, but in our estimation he played the best game of any man on the team. His dogged perseverance at left forward will be missed next year.)

Alexander

"Johnny" played the center position which was always in superior style. He was a consistent player and showed good ability in shooting fouls. Alexander will be back next year to uphold the center position.

Dye

Dye played a very good game at right forward and always counted very much in the basket making. Dye did not get an early start because of an injury received in football. He will be back next year when the call is sent out for the tryout.

Priddy

"Newt" played the running guard position and was a very valuable man to break up the opponents' team work any place on the floor for he was all over the floor at once. Newt always counted much in the team work and in getting baskets. He is a sophomore so will be back again next year.

Herge

"Dinty" was our big and stalwart standing guard. Although he did not get started until late in the season, he certainly played a good game when he did get started. He counted for much of the breaking up of the opponents' team work. "Dinty" will be back next year.

Shaffer

"Pinky" was the little man of the team in size but not in playing, for he always played a hard and consistent game and he could always be counted on for some baskets. He will be missed next season for he graduates this year.

Vorhees

"Whirlwind" always played a fast and furious game and was noted for getting fouls. He played running guard and counted much in the team work. He also counted in breaking up the opponents' team work. He will also be back next year.

The basketball season cannot be entirely reviewed without mentioning a few other facts.

Early in the season John Routzon took an interest in the team and helped it along very much by associating with the fellows and telling them some important things about basketball. The team is very much indebted to him for his work and kindness and wishes to thank him very much.

After a few practices when the fellows needed liniment and tape, and other things for their bruises, there was none to be had. So Cloyce Thomas volunteered to be "Doc." Mr. Buess furnished "Doc" with a complete medicine kit and after that "Doc" was always ready to take care of the fellows after every game and practice. The team wishes to thank "Doc" for his faithful service.

SUMMARY

Points made by each player	Goals	Fouls	Total Points
Fellabaum	28	11	67
Alexander	9	37	55
Dye	20		40
Shaffer	9		18
Priddy	6		16
Vorhees	6		12
Shultz	3		6
Herge	1		2
			216

THE SECOND TEAM

The Reserves deserve much credit for their hard work and the time they spent battling with the Varsity and making them work.

—DON FELLABAUM, '21.



CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

THE BLUE AND GOLD

LITERARY

(Continued from page Fifty-five.)

CHAPPIE'S BIRTHDAY GIFT

Chappie was disgusted. Not with anything in particular and yet with the whole world. It was the 14th of March and he didn't have a cent. For the last three nights the other boys had stolen his papers and he was left with nothing. He usually stood on this certain corner and cried his wares in a lusty voice but tonight he was silent. Chappie was a twelve-year-old boy too rather small for his age. He was an orphan and had never had a home of his own, in fact as he proudly expressed it, he had "raised himself." He was the leader of his "gang" and was well-known to the red-haired Irish "cop" on the corner and to the truant and juvenile officers as well.

On this day, Chappie was standing on the corner, his cap pulled over his eyes, his hands thrust into his empty pockets. His ragged clothes and sharp, old-looking face made him a pathetic picture but he would have resented it if it had been suggested to him. "Pity?" No indeed! Chappie did not take kindly to pity or charity.

That woman, he thot, she made him tired. He wasn't going to school, he would not wash his face, and he simply would not give up his one solace, swearing. What right had she to come down here and tell him what to do anyway? He wouldn't go near the old settlement house anymore either. If the rest of the gang wanted to go and be molly-coddles, he wasn't going to and they needn't think he was. Didn't make any difference if she was pretty. Why hadn't she stayed up on the avenue with the swells where she belonged. But no, she had to come down here and spoil their fun and the rest of the crowd were going to give her birthday presents tonight. Birthday presents! No one had ever given him any. Only "sofities" and "mother's boys" had birthdays.

All these thots were running thru his keen little mind as he walked along the busy street with its thousand different sounds and smells. Chappie didn't care if the sun was shining and Spring was in the air. His pals had deserted him and nothing could soothe the ache in his little heart that he was too proud to admit even to himself. Yet something kept urging him to go and see and hear about this life that was so very different from his own. They told you that there was a man somewhere whom they called "God" and he loved little homeless newsboys like Chappie and his mates. But he had to be trusted and loved and obeyed in return and Chappie had never obeyed anyone. He was stubborn and superstitious and this kept him from going.

All day long he walked the streets carefully avoiding his playmates. Twice he stopped in front of restaurant windows gazing with wide hungry eyes at the goodies displayed there. But he scuttled on when the familiar blue coat and brass buttons came in sight.

When evening came, Chappie turned towards his little shed in the alley, altho something kept urging him to go to the Settlement house. Finally he picked up his little terrier whom he called "Jazz" and set out. This dog was the last friend and the dearest that he had. "Jazz" had hurt his foot the day before and Chappie had tied him up, altho he hated to do it. But now he carried the dog tenderly in his arms. They were comrades and pals, you know.

He found his way thru the alleys and down the streets to the big white settlement house, which stood out from among the dark, dingy, little shacks on each side of it. He peeked through one of the windows and saw the boys and girls enjoying themselves and eating—what was it? Ice cream! Big dishes of it! It brot a lump into poor Chappie's throat that he simply could not swallow. He stumbled as he turned to go away and fell. "Jazz" gave forth a yelp of pain and surprise. The door opened and the Lady stood in the doorway. He stood still in open-mouthed wonder. He had never seen anyone who looked like that before.

Finally she asked, "Lad, is that your dog?"

"Yes'm," replied Chappie.

"And he has injured his foot, hasn't he? That is too bad. I wonder if I can ease his pain a little. Why not come in while I look at it?" And so with these casual remarks she persuaded him to come into the hall and on into a big warm room at the back of the building. There she wrapped "Jazz" foot in clean bandages, and chatted with the boy, never seeming to notice that his replies were mostly monosyllables. "Jazz" contentedly rubbed his yellow head against her hand. Chappie's heart sank. His last resource had fallen before the enemy.

But when she invited him to come and have some fun with the others, he shook his head, picked up his dog and hurried out thru the door.

The next morning as the teacher walked up to the building, she saw, sitting on the steps a very dirty little yellow dog, with one foot bandaged and a scrap of paper in his mouth. She held out her hand and he promptly presented her with the note. She opened it and altho she smiled her eyes were bright with tears as she read:

Dear Lady:

I ain't got de mony to buy yer no berthday present but if yer'll just take me dog insted, o'll be just as plesed. And say, Lady, if yer won't tell the gang, I'm goin' to sum other Setlment hous where dey got a Lady like you and I'll go to the skule an' wash me face three days a week. But ples ma'm dont tell de gang. CHAPPIE.
His name is "Jazz." Don't fergit ter feed him.

—MARGUERITE GAINES, '21.

THE BLUE AND GOLD

I DOUBT IT?

On some warm day near the end of school
When the swimming hole looks nice and cool
If a crowd of boys with a lot of spunk
Would come a long with their swimming trunks
And want you to join their merry crowd
Would you think of your grades and say, I'm not allowed?
Well, Maybe You Would, But I Doubt It.

If while in school a note you'd receive
From a girl whose eyes you'd hardly believe
Were looking in yours with a real rich blue
Awaiting an answer to come from you
Would you think of your grades and say, I can't write it?
Well, Maybe You Would, But I Doubt It.

If you took chemistry and need a flask
And you saw one lying on your neighbor's desk
Would you turn your back and leave it alone
And say I'll go and buy one all my own?
Well, Maybe You Would, But I Doubt It.

NOBODY LOVES ME

"Nobody loves me no more and I am just going out in the garden and eat worms—big wooly one, too." Why, wondered Mickey, did that old childhood phrase keep coming back to him? It always did, especially when things were going wrong. When he was about four years old and his mother had refused him something, no one, not even his grandmother, had taken his part, he had first used that sentence and since then when everything in the universe seemed against him, it came back to him so forcibly that he almost believed the first part—not that he wanted "love" but he did want Blackey, the football coach, for a better friend and above all he wanted on the team.

His studies were up, in fact he was one of the shining stars of his class. He was the best debater and orator in the school but he didn't want that honor, he wanted on the football team. He knew he wasn't under weight, and he was tall, muscular and as quick in his movements as with his brain. Why he had never even been able to sit on the sideline as a sub he couldn't figure out. He had always been to practice, always ready to help do the hard little jobs. He had thought and thought but was so far away from the solution as ever. He was good-looking and very popular but daw-gone it he didn't want popularity and good looks, he wanted to make the team.

It was Saturday morning and he was down helping to line the field for that great and glorious tussle with Stratford which was scheduled for the afternoon. Stratford-Grafton games always call for a big crowd and the business men of Grafton, for once, would be down on the side lines criticizing the home team. Oh, if he could only be a sub there might be a chance to get in the game on the last quarter for Stratford always plays rough. But why hope—he would never make the team. No, he would not give up—he loved football and he had one year left to make the team. He would do it or know the reason why.

There was a reason why he wasn't on the team. Blackey knew that he was a good player and would, several times, have put him on as a sub but the boys warned him always that Mickey was a mamma's little darling. Of course they concealed their thoughts from Mickey and he never learned why the coach never gave him a chance to prove his ability.

In the afternoon Mickey was down town early to get the snake dance started. They formed at the school house, marched down to Main street and then began the real snake dance. They zigzagged back and forth across Main street, stopping machines, street cars, pedestrians and traffic in general. The traffic cop raved and tried his best to put a stop to it but all in vain did his wonderful harangue, delivered in his big bass voice, fall on our deaf ears. It was our day, we would do as we saw fit and we saw fit to have a snake dance. When we finally arrived at the field Mickey made himself useful by helping to take tickets; no one seeing him lead the cheering gang would have thought that he was feeling blue.

The football season was drawing to a close and the boys were talking basketball. Mickey heard them discuss the probable line-up without much interest. He did not care for basketball, why even girls could play it. He considered it a sissie's game and never tried to make the team. Yes, he attended the games, but was never overly enthusiastic about them. He always wanted the home team to win and was very disappointed if they didn't. But he also realized that a team couldn't always win.

One day while preparing a debate, Kate, one of his colleagues, asked him if he was going out for basketball. He said he wasn't and as she seemed surprised he gave her his ideas of basketball. Immediately a debate was on for Kate was a basketball enthusiast

THE BLUE AND GOLD

and had played so she could give him first-hand experiences. Kate won the debate and Mickey decided to go out for practice that night.

That night Blackey made a speech from the rostrum, pleading for more men to come out for basketball. The football team had been splendid—hadn't lost a game during the season but the basketball team—it had lost two games out of three and in two weeks they were to play Stratford on their own floor. If the school wanted to win more fellows had to come out for practice that was all there was to it. Why half of the time he didn't have enough for two teams. If the school didn't want athletics why didn't they say so. Well, if you do, show it by coming out to practice. And so he raved on and on, pleading and scolding by turns.

Mickey went out and found that Kate had given all true statements in her arguments. What had looked like child's play turned out to be a man's job. The basket seemed smaller than the ball—he was almost convinced that it was when he tried to make a basket. But no, sometimes he got it in so it had to be bigger. He wondered why he had ever imagined that it was an easy game. Sure girls could play it—but why—why, because they were little and could get around the floor quickly but it still took skill to guard and do it right, but when it came to making baskets. Oh gosh! it was harder than guarding, but Mickey loved to do hard things. By practicing every night and studying the rules carefully Mickey advanced from a green man to a fairly good player. But again he was doomed to disappointment—he wanted to be a forward but Blackey wanted him as a guard and guard he played.

The last practice before the Stratford game found the coach cross and very much worried and he had a right to be. Some of his best players had fallen in their school work and were therefore ineligible—in fact there were only seven who hadn't. Blackey always insisted on good practice but this afternoon it seemed as though he couldn't be pleased and when Mickey arrived two minutes late he was given a lecture which he didn't deserve at all as he had had to stay for a class meeting and had come as soon as possible, and placed in the position of right forward.

Mickey was at last placed in the coveted position and he was anxious to do his best for there is always a chance of making the team as a sub. His team work was splendid and called for the praise of Blackey, although tonight especially he was wary of giving even a little bit of praise. If you got any you were sure you deserved it.

Blackey knew that teamwork was what the boys lacked and he also saw the possibility of an eighth man in Mickey. All during practice he watched him like a cat and when at the end of the practice the score stood 5-4 in favor of the scrub team, Blackey realized it was because of Mickey's ability to use teamwork. It was Mickey who had tossed the ball to Jim and let him make the basket because he, Mickey, was in a place where he might have but more likely he might not have made the basket. Jim had tried to put the ball in the basket from every spot in the room and had succeeded once. Mickey caged a basket and one foul out of three while Jim missed two fouls out of two. It was Mickey who had tossed the ball to Bill, a guard, and when Bill had let Pat get it, it was Mickey who had managed a toss and got the ball down under their basket again. He gathered the boys around him and delivered an oration on the benefits of teamwork and as a conclusion read the names of the fellows who would represent G. H. S. at Stratford the next evening, and much to Mickey's surprise he was the eighth.

Mickey had sat on the side line and watched the hard-fought battle and now with only five minutes left to play the score was 14-12, but there Bink has the ball; he aims the ball, goes into the basket—14-14 and only four minutes. Mickey was yelling with the rest, "Fight team, fight team, fight," when the coach hit him on the back and told him to take the position of left guard as Rhode had sprained his ankle. He could hardly believe his ears but in some manner he stumbled out on the floor.

The ball went to center for a toss. Mickey got the ball—passed it to Bink who made a basket. Again the ball is at center and Galt's hand strays to his pocket. A foul is called upon Peter, our center, who forgot to keep his hand behind him. They got the foul—16-15 and only one minute left. The gun flashed in Galt's hand—Stratford had made another basket—17-16—we have to make another basket. Everybody is yelling, faces eager and alert, the eyes following every movement of the ball. The yelling became deafening and all that Mickey could get through his brain was that we had to make a basket to win this game. The ball is tossed at center—Mickey caught it, dribbled for about two feet and he heard the command "Shoot"—he took aim and the ball hung on the edge of the basket. Mickey had followed it up so if it fell on the wrong side he could get it. It seems to stand still undecided which way to fall—the slightest jar will determine the game. Everyone seems to hold their breath. It falls—through the basket. It had not gone through any too soon as the gun report was heard as it fell to the floor with a thud. The score was 18-17 in favor of Grafton. Everything was again noise and laughter for the game was won and Stratford was a good loser, realizing that the game was won fairly.

Mickey had determined the game but he did not realize it in the least. What he did realize was that he had played in a real game. He did not think that the rooters had seen his plays and taken any special note of them. But they had and the opinion that he was a "mamma's darling" was blotted out forever. No more would Blackey be told that he dare not put him in as he would turn out to be a quitter. He had been tried and proven his ability.

THE BLUE AND GOLD

The next Friday his name was read off by Mr. Galt as one of the fellows to uphold G. H. S.'s honor against Varnum at Grafton.

A large crowd was out for the game as the weather was fine. When the team appeared that old yell "G-G-G-r-a" was given in the characteristic manner of enthusiastic students.

The referee signaled that the game was about to commence and Mickey started for the side lines to sit with the subs. The rooters, as with one voice, began to yell—"We want Mickey—we want Mickey." A puzzled look spread over the coach's face but passed away when he saw Rhode, the captain, talk to Mickey.

As Mickey skinned out of his sweater and hurried out to shake hands with his opponent, a smile passed over his face as the phrase, "Nobody loves me" flashed through his mind.

—WANDA SE GUINE.

A STRANGE PARTY

On July the 4th, 1920, a strange party was held in a bookcase containing the books of two high school students, a boy and his sister. This party was held to commemorate the fourth birthday of Ancient History, who had attained a ripe old age, that is, for one of the members of the grand and gracious Order of Schoolbooks. He had seen service in three different campaigns under three different commanders. He was scarred and battered from the injuries he had received. His coat showed a long rip down the front and the beautiful gold lace, which had trimmed it in youth, was now sagged and tarnished. All over his body he showed signs of his master's sword or rather his penknife.

General Science, the heroic leader of the Scientific Campaign, was present with two members of his staff, Civic Biology and Biological Laboratory Manuel (he always gives his full name). The two brothers, Plain and Solid Geometry, were there with their cousin, Miss Algebra. Miss Rhetoric, Miss Latin, and Ancient History's twin sons, Medieval and Modern, made up the party.

It was noticed what curious contrasts the different guests made: Grave General Science and laughing Miss Algebra; Mr. Civic Biology, who is a professor clear to the heart and witty Miss Latin. Mr. B. L. Manuel was the only guest who never smiled, for a great tragedy had occurred in his life. The winter before, during a long and terrible campaign, he had fallen in love with a pretty little maid whose name was Miss Note Book. They were engaged to be married and the wedding day was set when the terrible tragedy occurred. The campaign had just ended successfully after a last final struggle with General Examinations. Mr. Manuel's master had, for no apparent reason, deliberately torn pretty Miss Book to pieces right in front of her lover's eyes. Since then Mr. Manuel had never smiled but had performed his work with a sad grieved look on his face. At first it was thought that he would die of a broken heart, which would have been a great loss indeed, as he so greatly helped Mr. Biology in his work.

At eight o'clock light refreshments were served consisting of mathematical tidbits and sweetmeats of literature, after which they spent a pleasant hour telling stories of their battles with General Ignorance, who is indeed their greatest foe. They then departed after telling Ancient History that they hoped he would live through a dozen more campaigns, which would be an impossibility for a Schoolbook.

—KENNETH FROST.

EDITORIALS

(Continued from Page Forty-seven)

"MIKE"

We have intended all the time to devote some space to Mike, for we think he deserves it. We wanted to secure his picture to adorn the edge of this write-up, but during the hurry and rash attendant upon the sending of our cuts to the engraver, somewhere along the line we lost out. This appreciation will have to suffice.

We are referring to Mike (alias Michael) Crohen, a very useful member of our Senior class. Not only is he noted in an athletic way, (for Crohen has won four letters in varsity football, and is believed to be the first and only man of F. H. S. who can lay claim to such an honor), but he is also the ablest and most energetic salesman in the school. For the last two years Mike has secured more subscriptions for the Blue and Gold than any one else. His totals for the two years are both close around the hundred mark, and this year he has accounted for about one-fourth of all the Annuals sold outside of the school. We appreciate Mike's work, and hope that he may find the same success attendant upon his efforts in the future.

SOME OTHERS

While writing of Mike Crohen, the thought occurred to us that always the success of an undertaking depends in large measure upon the efforts of those who, although they take the interest and welfare of that undertaking deeply to heart, seldom receive notice for their work. In publishing this Blue and Gold, we have had the invaluable aid of many pupils of the school. In fact, the book really belongs to them. When we stop to consider how small is our own share in this Annual, we are simply amazed that we could ever have felt even the slightest touch of arrogance in our position.

Every pupil in the school has helped us to sell our product and to raise our circulation to its splendid total. There have been a few, though, who have worked especially hard to get subscriptions, and among them are Alice Cole and Carol Pickering.

We appreciate their efforts, and realize our indebtedness to them for their aid.

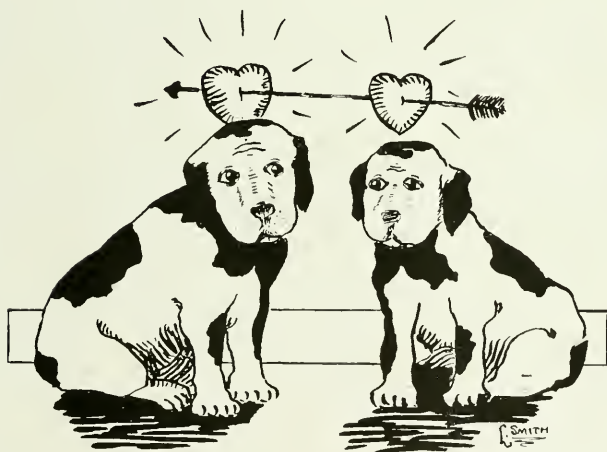
—THE EDITOR.



CENTRAL SNAPS

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JOKES



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THE BLUE AND GOLD

WEBSTER'S (?) (UN) ABRIDGED DICTIONARY

of MEANINGLESS WORDS

- ALGEBRA—1. In memoriam of our A. B. C. blocks of infant days.
 2. See boarding house term, hash.
- AMBITION—Disease peculiar to Freshmen only.
- ASSEMBLY—Ballroom of the Tower of Babel.
- ATHLETICS—1. A splendid opportunity to "get back" at one's dearest enemy and be commended for it.
 2. Legal assault and battery.
- ATHLETIC GLORY—The sugar-coating on the bitter pill of long, hard practice, and living up to training and eligibility rules.
- AUTOMOBILE—A running expense account.
- BRAINS—A circumscribed area addicted to local storms.
- BROTHER (small)—A necessary evil on date night.
- BROTHER (big)—More so?
- BOTHER—Our lessons.
- CANDY—A peacemaker. Often comes in handy in cases of emergency.
- CLASSICS—Refined torture.
- COMPANY—We two. (2)
- CROWD—More than we two.
- CHEMISTRY—A complexed, compounded and confounded mixture of letters and numerals.
- DATE—Reason for most unprepared lessons.
- DIPLOMA—A "Declaration of Independence."
- DISEASES (Ancient)—Almost extinct—over work.
 (Modern)—Water on the knee, and women on the brain. (Latter quite serious in F. H. S.)
- EDUCATION—The severe infliction of an affliction.
- ENGLISH LIT.—A rapidly expiring assemblage of eloquent words.
- EXAMINATION—Unadulterated Hades.
- FICTION—Excuses for tardiness and absences.
- FOOLISH—One who does not think as you do.
- FREAK—A fellow who doesn't "care for girls."
- FRONT SEAT—See Inquisition or Examinations.
- GOAT—What our teachers get from us.
- GALOSHES—1. Something in which to hide pedal deformities.
 2. Successful camouflage for beauty.
 3. Negative of graceful (either un-, or dis-).
- GIRLS—1. Main topic of masculine conversation.
 2. Similar to tooth-brush—every fellow wants one of his own.
 3. Foundation for the skillful application of cosmetics.
- GLATHART (Justin)—Webster, unabridged, Britannica, consolidated.
- GUM—1. A soft lubricated mass generally used for the decoration of under side of desks, tables, etc.
 2. An exchange medium of germs.
 3. The teacher's despair.
- GREEN—The reason that a Freshie would be safe if "he stood upon the burning deck."
- HANG—Where we let our studies go.
- HE—Main topic of feminine conversation.
- HELP—An exclamation usually audible during exams.
- HISTORY (Ancient)—Sherman's famous definition.
 (Medieval)—Ditto.
 (Modern)—Ditto again.
- HIGH SCHOOL—Four walls and a roof containing vacuum.
 2. Match factory.
- HUTSON—A perfect lady.
- INQUISITION—Extremity of torture. See examinations.
- IF—A wonderful word. Very widely used.
- I—The most important letter in the alphabet.
- INSIGNIFICANT—Everything else.
- I. O. U.—See Boody McKay.
- JOKE—Senior Rhetoricals.
- JUNIORS—A term applied to a group of persons just a little lower than the "angels."
- JAZZ—1. An heterogenous conglomeration of nondescript noises.
 2. Music successfully disguised.
- JUNK—Test papers.
- JUNE—1. What is so rare as a day in——?
 2. Out and over.

THE BLUE AND GOLD

- KISS—Noun (more common than proper). Weight two milligrams.
 KINDERGARTEN—Freshmen classes.
 LATIN—A dead language, but alas not buried. (Murdered).
 LAZINESS—A severe epidemic contracted recently from the Sophomores.
 LOVE—Sticky stuff.
 LUCK—Getting by with a pony.
 MEMORY-BOOK—An apparent necessity in a girl's existence. Frequently used as an excuse for stuffing odds and ends in his pocket.
 MONKEY BUSINESS—Chief occupation in assembly room.
 MUSTACHE—Seven come eleven—See Wm. Andrews.
 MEMORY—An unknown quantity in class.
 MOUSE—A small animal quite capable of making a general confusion on the east side of assembly room.
 NOTE—A species of communication rapidly becoming extinct.
 NEW GIRL—Old one refrescoed.
 NOTHING—1. What "she" talks of when she isn't alking about "him."
 2. What most of us seem to know.
 NUT—See autobiography of Gerard Hetrick.
 NAP—An elective in the curriculum.
 OMIT—An operation most Sophomores would like to perform on Caesar.
 OUIJA—A plank surrounded by suckers.
 OFFICER 666—The first real theatrical success of the year 1921.
 ORDERS—Something to be disregarded.
 OFF—Everybody else.
 PREMONITION—That uncanny feeling when going to class unprepared.
 PAL—1. Someone who knows more of your affairs than you do yourself.
 2. "Smitty" and "Dick."
 POWDER PUFF—An indispensable.
 PONY—The first thing a Sophomore looks for.
 PARADISE—Pair of bones. See Norman Cooper.
 POLICE—A delicate subject. (See joke).
 PUMPS—Worn on the feet with leaky galoshes.
 QUIETNESS—A descriptive word used to designate a type of person who speaks little.
 Speedily becoming extinct, especially in the female race.
 QUIZ—A modern guillotine.
 QUARTETTE—Our morning stars.
 RECORD—Usually good, bad or indifferent.
 ROUGHNECK—Anyone who overdoes it.
 ROUGE—Canned blushes.
 SOPHOMORE—A term applied to a boy who resembles closely the old kerosene lamp—not unusually bright—smokes a little at times and goes out at night.
 SUNDAY—The nice meat between the stale sandwich of this week and next.
 SHAFFER (Donald)—Caruso reincarnated.
 STUDIES—An occupation to be indulged in when nothing else interferes.
 SHAVE—A necessity for most fellows but a supreme luxury for Ted Herge.
 THOUGHT—Mental effort exerted in finding excuses for flunking.
 TEACHERS—1. A necessary evil.
 2. Synonomus with trouble.
 TORTURE—Listening to Don Stillherger's jokes.
 TIE—That which is to be seen and not heard.
 THANKSGIVING—End of the school year.
 VERBOSITY—1. The "line" handed to instructor when unprepared
 2. Used for heat.
 VACUUM—A common condition of most cranial cavities.
 VERSION—The way we tell it to Dad and Mother.
 UKELELE—1. Source of irritation of the auditory nerves.
 2. See Jazz.
 UNFORTUNATE—The poor dub that gets caught with a pony.
 WORK—The fondest thing that James Crane is not of.
 WORRY—1. That uncanny emotion experienced at the eleventh hour.
 2. We should ———.
 WISDOM—Known only to Seniors.
 WHIZ-BANG—Enlightening literature indulged in by many deep thinkers in the assembly room.
 X-CUSES—Slips of paper often featured by high colorization.
 Y. M. C. A.—The hang-out.
 ZERO—The next highest mark that some deserve.
 ZONE (Danger)—The immediate vicinity of gum shoes in the assembly.

—H. E., '21.

THE BLUE AND GOLD



Lester Elsea: "How do you know he is an osteopath?"

"Coonic" Mitchell: "I heard him say he made his money rolling the bones."

Albert Boss: "You are wonderful! Your hair is like spun gold; your teeth are so many priceless pearls; your eyes have the sparkle of rare diamonds; your skin—"

Mildred Meeks: "Don't! You make me feel like a hock-shop."

Bashful usher to radiant young lady in the wrong pew in a very fashionable church:

"Mardon me Pamdam, this pie is occupied, may I sew you to another sheet?"



Wanted

French Ponies.—The Class of '22.

Assistant Principal Hendricks is still wondering why the S. C. C. laughed when he made the following statement in his talk "Applying in Person for a Position":
"Be sure to have your shoes shined in the interview."

Miss Gibson: "Donald, who was Cyclops?"

Don Dietsch: "Why—er—wasn't he the guy that wrote the cyclopedia?"



Norman Cooper: "Shay offisher, wheresh the corner?"

Cop: "You're standing on it."

Norman: "Sno wonder I couldn't find it."



A Dog's A Dog for A' That

Although he has no pedigree

And takes no prize, and a' that,

Although he may a mongrel be,

A dog's a dog for a' that.

For a' that and a' that,

For what's a prize and a' that

He still can be a bonny beast,

The friend o' man and a' that.

Although his blood may not be blue,

Though he lacks "points" and a' that,

To child and man he can be true

A dog's a dog for a' that.

For a' that and a' that,

For what are "points" and a' that,

Can he not wag his tail as well,

And bark as loud for a' that?

Although his ears may not be clipped

And pointed up and a' that,

Although his tail may not be nipped,

A dog's a dog for a' that.

For a' that and a' that,

His ears may flop and a' that,

A mongrel cur is still a dog,

The friend o' man, and a' that!

—Life.

Figures Never Lie

Mr. Buess: "What are my chances for recovering, doctor?"

Dr. Daymon: "Good. Medical records show that nine out of every ten die of the disease you have. Yours is the tenth case I've treated. All others died. You're bound to get well. Statistics are statistics."

Mr. Buess: "Thank heaven."

For Sale

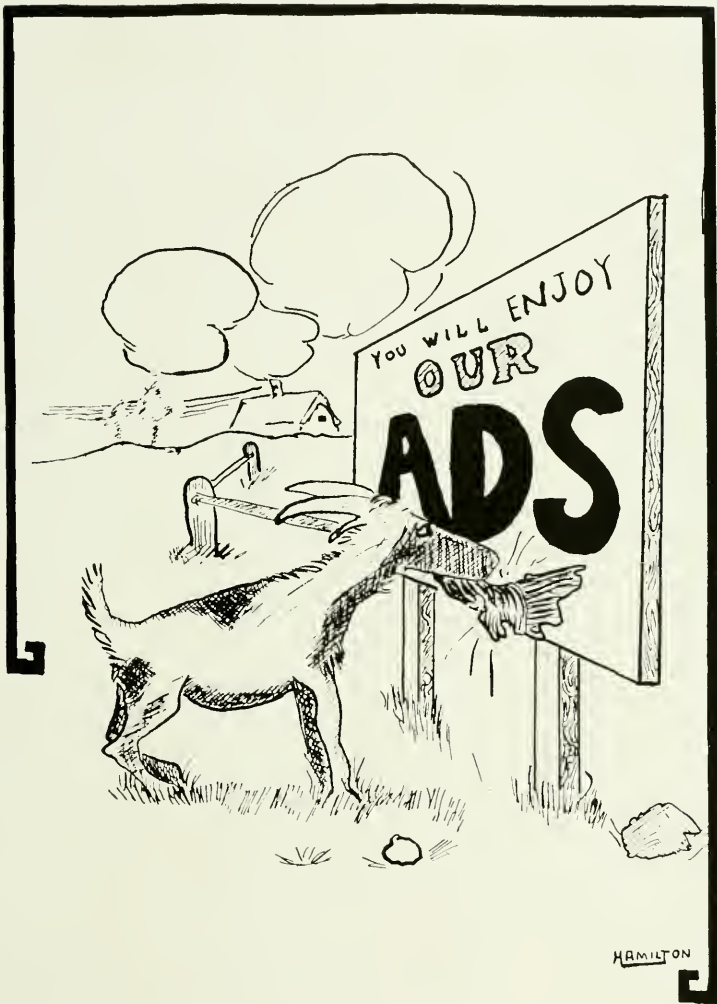
Ford truck guaranteed to haul anything from girls to fire wood. Inquire of Orlo Dukes.



Mrs. Buess: "Our little baby is following in his father's footsteps."

Mrs. Haverfield: "How's that?"

Mrs. Buess: "He always crawls toward the cellar steps."



To The Friends of Findlay High School
Patronize The Merchants Who Patronize Us.

TIME

TIME is the all prevailing, ever present "living" thing with which we all must continuously deal. We may go to the farthest point in the North, South, East or West, but we cannot leave it behind. It follows us, keeps step with us and positively refuses to move one iota (beyond its regular pace), either forward or backward, no matter how earnestly we may wish it to do so. "Millions of Money for an inch of Time" cried Elizabeth, Queen of England, upon her dying bed.

With **time** we experience all our joys and sorrows, successes and failures. In our joys, **time** seems to move all too rapidly, but during sorrow it seems almost unending. Time, however, is the "healer" of every sorrow, however great it may be. From Scott we have this wonderful message: "Time cures every wound and, though the scar may remain and occasionally ache, yet the earliest agony of its infliction is felt no more."

In business, as well as all other activities of life, we must either **use** or **misuse** time. Successful people **use** time—unsuccessful people **spend** it. In a word, this is the difference between success and failure. The Good Book tells us: "There is a time to every purpose under Heaven—a time to reap and a time to sow, a time to weep and a time to laugh"—in other words, a time for everything. We should therefore carefully plan our time so as not to have "all work" or "all play," but an intelligent combination of both.

Many lose time by failure to plan their work systematically. They jump from one thing to another, failing to realize that concentration is the secret of effective work. When we work, we should work hard and when we play, we should play hard.

Many of us mistake **action** for **progress**. The biggest men in the business world always have plenty of time for "everything worth while" because (with them) there is no lost motion. They survey a situation and analyze it **minutely** to its last detail. When the proposition finally comes up for action, they have their plans well thought out, leaving little for them to do but **act**.

Systematic arrangement of one's "wordaday" schedule would therefore seem to be one of the most important features of a successful business or professional life. This is very aptly illustrated by a little poem taken from an article by Erasmus Wilson the other day, which reads:

“Work a little, sing a little,
Whistle and be gay,
Read a little, play a little,
Busy every day.

Talk a little, laugh a little,
Don't forget to pray—
Be a bit of sunshine
All the blessed way.”

Many of us fail to realize how vast an amount of Time is lost each day by meetings failing to start **on time** and also by people being late for engagements. Did you ever stop to think of the fact that engagements are cancelled automatically by the failure of either party to “arrive” at the appointed time?

In summing up, we find that **Time** is the “Eternal” question and therefore let us make up our minds to **use** and not **misuse** it—**save** and not **spend** it. **Plan it systematically** so it will serve us efficiently, and remember that the “On Time” fellow is always the chap who merits and holds the confidence of his fellowmen.

“Time conquers all, we must Time obey.”

The BUCKEYE NATIONAL BANK

Thomas & Company

*Fine JEWELRY of
Distinction*

Emblem and Class Goods

Diamonds

VICTROLAS

Victor Records

Cheney Phonographs

Exclusive Agents for Hancock County

KODAKS

"If It Isn't an Eastman, It Isn't a Kodak"

Thomas & Company

"NOTHING COUNTS LIKE SERVICE"

235 South Main Street

FINDLAY, OHIO

TO THE CLASS OF 1920

TO THE CLASS OF 1921

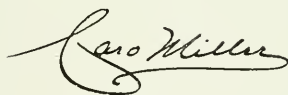
TO THE CLASS OF 1922

To Those That Were.....

To Those That Are.....

To Those That Will Be.....

Sincerely,.....

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Caro Miller". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the "Sincerely," line.

Fill in the Dashes, and Send Your Reply
To D. S. Finton—But Don't Ask Why.

THIS PAGE

Is Dedicated To Better Athletics



Compliments of

David Kirk, Son & Co.

Wholesale Grocers

The Electric Construction & Motor Co.

Cadillac *Reo* *Oldsmobile*

FISK—GOODRICH—MICHELIN
TIRES

FULL LINE OF AUTO ACCESSORIES

DEALERS IN

Everything Electrical

Thor Washers

Eureka Cleaners Western Electric Products

Full Line of Wireless Supplies

Both
Phones
139

NEW LOCATION
529 - 532 So. Main Street

Both
Phones
139

First National Bank

FINDLAY, OHIO

Capital - - - - - \$150,000.00

Surplus - - - - - \$200,000.00

Fifty-seven Years Continuous Safe Banking

We Solicit Your Banking Business

4% On Time Deposits

Wilson Bros.'

Furnishings for Men—



SHIRTS

UNDERWEAR NECKWEAR

GLOVES HOSE ETC.

"Look for the Wilson Bros.' Label"

KANEL

They talk about the women and the way we do our hair—

The way we wear our shirts and shoes our very haughty air;

They tell us that we're foolish in such little things, but then

If they think we are alone in such—well, how about the men?

They used to wear a pompadour—but nothing like that now,

A center-part gleams faultlessly above a noble brow,

And if they don their headgear, they pull it forward so

That though they may have eyebrows you never really know.

And then the little jazz tie—another thing absurd—

Not bad upon the little ones, but on the big—my word!

That half-inch kind of collar tells us ever and anon,

That girls are not the only ones with throats like to the swan.

And then they go around with that "Ain't I the peanuts" air—

"Think anything you like of me, for really I don't care!"

Third eyebrows and galoshes! Now tell me if you can—

The reason that they talk and laugh about the girl—O, Man!

Our
Graduation Photographs

Signed

Gilmore

Typifies Excellence of Workmanship and
Superiority of Product

PHOENIX HOTEL



OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE

Findlay, O.

Cafe in Connection

ALL CARS STOP AT THE DOOR

USE
PRIDE OF FINDLAY FLOUR

From Your Grocer

CITY ROLLER MILLS

KIMMELL & PETERS, Proprietors

Manufacturers of

ROLLER FLOUR and dealers in GRAIN, MILL FEED, Etc.

Junction of the L. E. & W., and B. & O. Railroads.

FINDLAY, OHIO

THE L. & G. STORES COMPANY

VARIETY STORE

MILLINERY, LACES and EMBROIDERY

Our Specialty

F. G. LINDHOLM, Proprietor

323 SOUTH MAIN STREET

The Ohio Bank & Savings
Company

FINDLAY, OHIO.

Capital - - - - - \$ 100,000.00

Resources - - - - - \$1,500,000.00

PROMPT RELIABLE COURTEOUS

Once a Customer Always a Customer

4% On Time Deposits

TYNER'S

FOR

Fine Ice Creams and Candies

ULSH & ADDISON GROCERS

Opposite Court House

Both Telephones 168

HEADQUARTERS for

Furnaces Stoves

Washing Machines, Paint,
Guns, Cutlery, Fishing Tackle,
Baseball Goods and General
Hardware

Buckeye
Hardware Co.

C. HENDRICKS

If you need a little help, or your lessons
bother you,
Or you're out of ready cash and don't
know what to do,
Or perhaps you want to know what's kept
down in the zoo,
Take your troubles back to Hendricks,
and he'll see you through.

AND

Don't you know that it's no use to worry
any more
For there's nothing in the world that you
should worry for.
Hang your worries every night, and jump
in bed, and snore—
Leave your troubles in the morn at Gerald
Hendricks' door.

OR

If perchance you'd like to know the reason why it rains,
Or what makes the grass so green that
grows upon the plains,
How to free your Sunday shirt from
Loganberry stains,
These, too, are simple problems while
Hendricks still remains.

SO

Let me give you warning not to underestimate
The knowledge that reposes within his
solemn pate,
And in case you'd like to know what's
held in store by fate—
See Hendricks—for he's willing if he has
an open date.

—J. A. G.



WE SOLICIT YOUR

Checking and Savings Accounts

(Regardless of Size)

AND

REQUEST THE PRIVILEGE OF
SERVING AND ADVISING YOU

The American National Bank

TO

The Class of 1921

WE OFFER

Our Congratulations and a Cordial Invitation
To Use the Services of

The AMERICAN
NATIONAL BANK

YOUR FUTURE SUCCESS WILL DEPEND
UPON YOUR BANKING CONNECTIONS

D. D. SIMMONS, President
C. O. BARD, General Manager

Simmons Collecting Co.

1-2 Rawson Blk., Findlay, Ohio

Law and Collections Everywhere
Representatives of the United Agency

Capital Stock \$3,000,000

Co-operate With All the Attorneys and Collectors in the
United States

We Collect Peaceably If Possible, Forcibly If Necessary—
BUT WE COLLECT

Standard Coal Co.



HIGH GRADE COALS

Phones 330

W. P. WISELEY, Mgr.

HELM'S

FOR SERVICE

Recharging, Repairing all
Makes of Batteries

REAR COURT HOUSE

FINDLAY, OHIO

Bell Phone 1025

Open Wednesday and
Saturday Evenings

TIRES ACCESSORIES

Let us repair those tires and
tubes for you and we will guar-
antee the work.

The Clouse System of Vulcan-
izing.

HERRICK & KING

620 South Main St.

ADVERTISING

Advertisements are funny things some-
times, as, for example, these, which were
all actually printed:

"A respectable young woman wants
washing."

"I will make coats, caps and boas for
ladies out of their own skins."

"I want an overseer who can take care
of 5,000 sheep who can speak French
fluently."

"Wanted: A girl who can cook; one
who will make a good stew."

"I want a husband with a strong Roman
nose with strong religious tendencies."

"I will sell a fiddle of old wood that I
made out of my own head and have wood
left enough for another."

"For Sale: A small stock of the same
whiskey drunk by His Majesty on his re-
cent visit to Dublin."

"\$100 reward for the recovery of the
body of Hale Short, drowned in the river
on the night of the 17th. The body can
be recognized by the fact that Short had
an impediment in his speech."

♦ ♦ ♦

Don S.: "Isn't Gertrude a sort of sui-
cide blonde?"

Ralph D.: "Whatdye mean, a suicide
blonde?"

Don: "Dyed by her own hand, old
thing."

J. F. POGUE, President

C. J. HOCKER, Secretary

The Hancock Stone Company

Manufacturers of

Macadam Blue Stone, Ballast, Flux
and Concrete

T. & O. C., L. E. & W., BIG FOUR, B. & O. and NICKEL PLATE R. R.

1500 SOUTH MAIN STREET

FINDLAY, OHIO

FOR GOOD SHOWS

The Majestic

H. W. POWELL, Manager

Findlay's Popular Playhouse

Established 1900

The Commercial Bank & Savings Co.

FINDLAY, OHIO

Chartered by the State and Under State Supervision

Capital Paid in - - - - - \$ 125,000.00

Surplus Accumulated - - - - - \$ 45,000.00

Resources - - - - - \$1,400,000.00

DIRECTORS AND OFFICERS

John B. Heimhofer.....President

John T. Montgomery.....Vice-President

Dr. N. L. MacLachlan.....Vice-President

C. J. Oller.....Cashier

J. O. Reed.....Asst. Cashier

Chas. H. Bigelow Al. Bloomingdale

N. W. Cunningham

Your Banking Business Solicited

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent—4% Interest Paid on Savings

Bell 460

Home 802

4% PROGRESSIVE SAFE CONSERVATIVE 4%

Can You Beat It?

Back in the good old days before July 4th, '19, Sherm Young had a queer experience one night. The news was not permitted to get into the papers, but we can tell it here.

Mike Crohen got off a Fostoria car and went over to the station. Presently he came over to Sherm and asked:

"Would you kindly tell me which is the other side of this street?"

"Why, over there, of course," said Sherm.

And he heard Mike mutter:

"That's hic—funny. I've just been over—hic—there, and they told me it was this side."

❖ ❖ ❖

Mr. Lee (in Biology): "Now, children, there is a wonderful example in the life of the ant. Every day the ant goes to work and works all day. Every day the ant is busy. And in the end what happens?"

Chas. Ashbrook: "Someone steps on him."

❖ ❖ ❖

Heavens!

Miss Beardsley wrote a sentence on the board and beneath it wrote, "Define the above and punctuate it."

La Verne Clapp, after deep thinking, wrote on his paper, "The above is heaven. It is punctuated by angels and stars."

The North Side Mercantile Company



**Groceries and General
Merchandise**

Dry Goods Notions

Gent's Furnishings

**Drugs Hardware and
Paints**

WHEN ORDERING FLOUR FROM
YOUR GROCER

INSIST ON

BONNIE WHITE or CALLY LILLY
FLOUR

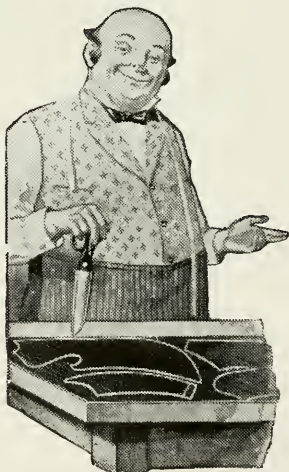
THE M c MANNES
MILLING & GRAIN
COMPANY

MANUFACTURERS OF

FLOUR : FEED : MEAL

Distributors and Retail Dealers of

DAIRY AND POULTRY FEEDS



COPYRIGHT 1948 ED. V. PRICE 8 99

Boys,
*you have in mind
a new Suit
for graduation*

Have it tailored to suit you—boss the job yourself. Our high grade woolens and tailoring will please you. Ask any of the boys about our clothes.

We cordially invite you to come in and see who's your tailor?

ELMER RUNKLE

On East Sandusky Street

WAR HAS ITS HUMOROUS SIDE

If you don't believe it, read these extracts from letters received from soldiers or their wives by the War Risk Insurance Board:

She is staying at a disipated house.

Previous to his departure we were married to a justice of the peace.

He was inducted into the surface.

I have a 4 months-old baby and he is my only support.

A lone woman and parsely dependant.

He was discharged on a goiter and went home on it.

Owing to my condition which I haven't walked in three months for a broken leg is \$75. I enclose lovingly yours.

I am left with a child 7 months old and she is a baby and can't work.

I am his wife and only air.

You ask for allotment number. I have four boys and a girl.

Please correct my name and I could and would not go under an consumed name.

I am writing in the Y. M. C. A. with a piano playing in my uniform.

Please return my marriage certificate, baby hasn't caten in three days.

Please send me a wife's form.

I have been in bed 13 years with one doctor and intend to try another.

Hello, Mr. War Risk Insurance, how are you? I am well and hope you are too.

Dear Mr. Wilson, I have written to Mr. Headquarters and have received no reply and if I don't got one I am going to write Uncle Sam himself.

I am a poor widow and all I have is in the front.

I ain't received no pay since my husband has gone from nowhere.

You have changed my little girl a boy. Will that make any difference?

◆ ◆ ◆

A strange man came into Ashbrooke's the other day and timidly approached Norman Cooper, when he said:

"My hair is falling out. Can you recommend something to keep it in?"

"Certainly," replied the obliging Norm. "Here is a nice cardboard box."

North Side Meat Market

Quality Meat

ROEMIKE & HAMM

Proprietors

Grandma: "Come here, Diploma."

Guest: "Why do you call your granddaughter Diploma?"

Grandma: "Well, when I sent my daughter to college that's all she brought back."

◆ ◆ ◆

Mrs. Byal: "Arthur, it is ten o'clock if you want to go to church."

Arthur (still half asleep): "What time is it if I don't want to go to church?"

◆ ◆ ◆

Clarence Fox: "What do you charge for rooms?"

Clerk: "Five dollars up."

Clarence: "But I am a F. H. S. student."

Clerk: "Then it's five dollars down."

PARROTT'S **C**ORNER
ON THE
OP
EANUTS
EANUT-BUTTER
APERS
ORN
HEWING-GUM
IGARS
ANDIES

FRESH EVERY DAY

Corner of Main and Main Cross Streets

PEOPLE'S SHOE STORE

Pretty Footwear for All Occasions

PRICES ALWAYS LOWER

We Guarantee

STYLE, FIT AND QUALITY

HOOVERS'

The Store That's Exclusive in

Ladies' Coats, Suits, Dresses, Skirts, Petticoats,
Waists and Furs

HIGH QUALITY AND LOW PRICES

THE LADIES' STORE

D. SEPPANEN

THE TAILOR

Marvin Block
South Main St.

Do You Realize

THE ADVANTAGE OF BUYING AT
THIS STORE?

Our stocks are larger, the store service is better and we offer you only such styles and patterns as shown in the larger city stores.

We give the young man just what he wants, plenty of snap and character in clothes made by

Hart Schaffner & Marx and
Clothcraft

Prep Toggery to Match

We Give Economy Stamps

Bloomingdale's

Getting His Trousseau Ready

The squire of the neighborhood was just leaving after a call on Mrs. Maguire.

"And your son, Mrs. Maguire?" said he as he reached for his hat. "I hope he is well. Busy, I suppose, getting ready for his wedding to night?"

"Well, it isn't him that is busy; it's me, squire," answered the beaming mother. "He's upstairs in bed while I'm washing out his trousseau."

■ ■ ■

Funeral Arrangements

Mr. Buess: "What is the presidential succession law, Don?"

Don Fellabaum: "The presidential succession law provides that if both president and vice-president die the cabinet members will follow in succession."

■ ■ ■

Ah, Pshaw!

"I saw your ad 'Wanted: A man to re-tail canaries.'"

"Yes; are you ready to go to work?"

"I don't want a job; what I want to know is how did they lose their tails?"

■ ■ ■

Mr. Finton: "Alice, what is the remedy for removing freckles?"

Alice Cole: "Why, you wash your face with your hands in dew on the first of May, and I don't know what you do with the freckles after that."

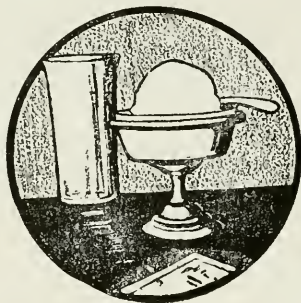
E. V. BOPE

LAWYER

Jones Block Findlay, O.

BEST WISHES

for the Members of the Class of 1921



Our ice cream made of the best Jersey milk
and cream in the state.

Try our Fancy Brick Cream for Your Dinners
and Parties.

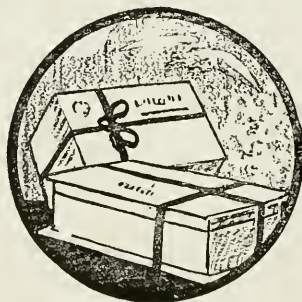
Our Motto: Quality and Service

Barrell's Confectionery

Manufacturers of

HIGH GRADE CANDIES AND ICE CREAM

412 South Main Street



MODEL LAUNDRY

SANITARY
SAFE
SERVICE

A Department for
EVERY HOUSEHOLD NEED

Delivery System Covers the Entire
City

BELL — 238 — HOME

Model Laundry

Baker—Hosler

BOOST THE F. H. S.

Victory Theatre

Carder and Marquet

High Class Pictures and
Perfect Projection

"Bone and Iron"

On the trip to Bowling Green, Barney Vorhees was feeling happy, and started to cut up capers. Perhaps the cause may have been two pretty girls across the aisle, we don't know. But anyway the conductor warned him: "Better keep your head inside the window."

"I kin look out the winder if I want to!" Barney responded.

"Sure you can," answered the conductor, "but if you damage any of the iron work of the bridges you'll have to pay for it."

✻ ✻ ✻

Raymond George (in French class, attempting to translate a sentence in which the verb "to marry" occurred frequently): "Aw, I can't read that, there's too many "marrys" in there, I get all mixed up."

Miss Hill: "Perhaps just one Mary would be all right."

✻ ✻ ✻

Stewart Kramer: "Girls are prettier than men."

Peg McLeod: "Why, naturally."

Stewart: "No, artificially."

✻ ✻ ✻

Freshman Girl (at her first football game): "Oh, George, do let's stay and see that part over again where he runs all the way down the field."

Wolgamot's

Extensive Display of
EASTMAN KODAKS
Is New and Complete

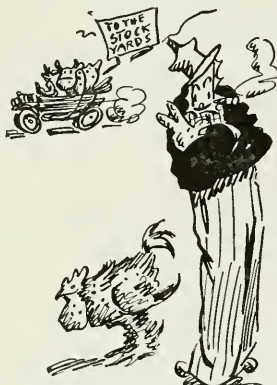
"No Summer Is Complete Without a
Kodak"

FILMS AND FINISHING

Wolgamot's

Successors to J. C. Firmin

ABE MARTIN SAYS



I have blown in a lot of money on tires that blew out a lot, until I saw the Findlay Vulcanizing Co. tire shop down on South Main, near the river, and dropped in. Their tires hold you up, but the price duzzent.

LEO ROSENCRANS

Mr. Hntson (at box office): "Have you a seat left?"

Ticket seller (indicating number): "Yes, U' 21?"

Mr. Hutson: "I am, and if it is that kind of a show I am glad I did not ask my mother to come with me."

Kenny Shultz: "Hey, Mike, gimme a cigarette, please."

Mike: "Snrre, have one."

Kenny: "Thanks, you see I'm smoking just a given number a day."

Mike: "So I see. The more given the more smoked."

Mr. Dorsey: "What! You marry my daughter! Why, you couldn't even pay the rent."

Don Fellabaum: "You don't mean to say you'd charge Ethel and me rent?"

Mr. Bowman (in assembly room): "Is that you scraping your feet, Alfred?"

Al. Hards: "No, sir, I was just cranking my Ingersol."

"Waiter, bring me forty dollars' worth of ham and eggs."

"We don't serve half-portions."

Single Blessedness "Why is your wife's eye black?"

Irate Husband: "Home Bruise."

Those who send their garments to us regularly never have to say, "I have nothing suitable to wear."

Their wardrobe is always prepared for any occasion because of our

PROMPT SERVICE

Sanitary

CLEANING WORKS

619 South Main Street

A. G. FULLER

Attorney-at-Law

407 - 409 - 411 EWING BUILDING

Findlay, Ohio

GILBERT'S CANDY

EASTMAN KODAKS

CRANE'S STATIONERY

and many other good things



CENTRAL DRUG STORE

THE REXALL STORE

I'LL
DO

ANYTHING

FOR A

SCHOOL

KID

EARL L. MYERS

Talking Machines and Bicycles

Earl
Myers

The

Kid's
Friend

Phonographs and Bicycles

La Rowe Bros.

Taxi and Baggage Transfer

Call Both Phones 144

Quick and Prompt Service

FINDLAY, O.

Bell Phone 469 Office 331 S. Main St.

W. T. PLATT

INSURANCE

Surety Bonds

Collections

Notary Public

Your Patronage Solicited

Findlay, O.

THE HOME OF

Two Trouser Suits

of Quality and Refinement at
\$25.00 to \$50.00

HARRY R. SCHNEIDER Co.

Practical Merchant Tailors

212 So. Main St.

Harry R. Schneider Bldg., Next to
City Market

Phones—

Bell 469

Residence—

Bell 286

Notary

Titles

Estates

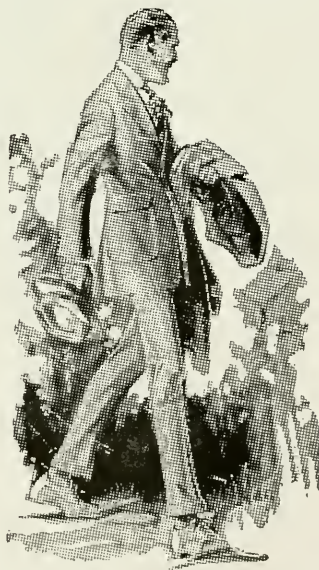
Etc.

J. M. PLATT

Attorney-at-Law

331½ So. Main St.

FINDLAY, O.



YOUNG MEN

Of Snappy Appearance

Usually Have Their Clothes Tailored

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE

Why Not Let Us

Make Your Next Suit or Top Coat

THEY COST NO MORE

SLOUGH BROS.

Merchant Tailors

119 So. Main St.

E. M. Warfel & Son
Jewelers

DIAMONDS WATCHES
CLOCKS
SILVERWARE
IVORY GOODS

It It Is Something New in Jewelry,
We Have It

HOME OF THE NEW EDISON

Bell 465

Home Res. B674

Home Office 867

HART & HART

Chiropractors
Keep You Smiling

HYATT BLOCK

Office Hours: 10 to 12; 2 to 4; 6:30 to
7:30 P. M. Sundays by Appointment.

FINDLAY, OHIO

The Lost Chord

T'was one day in the office,
Distracted and ill at ease,
I wildly jiggled the 'phone hook
And Central said, "Number, please."
I know not what number I gave her,
'Tis vanished beyond recall,
I know I was flabbergasted
That she answered the 'phone at all.
It filled me with sheer amazement,
It thrilled me with fierce delight;
For when she repeated the number
She actually got it right.
I glued the 'phone to my ear-drum,
And my heart beat hard and fast,
As I said to myself, "Eureka!"
I shall get that call at last."
I waited and waited and waited;
The sun has waned and set,
And the stars are out, but Central
Has made no answer yet.
It may be she'll answer sometime,
But I wonder now and then,
If only, when I'm in heaven
Shall I hear that voice again.

❖ ❖ ❖

This Is True—We Say

Caesar conquered nations
Conqueror of the world was he
And in all examinations
Caesar has conquered me.

—James Crane.

“BUCKEYE
LAUNDRY”

Your Duds in Our Suds

We Aim To Give
Quality and Good Service

— The —
Buckeye Laundry Co.

200 East Crawford Street
Both Phones No. 75

EAT

PAGE'S
ICE CREAM

EVERY DAY



THE PAIGE DAIRY COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO



JAMES SHEA

608 S. MAIN STREET

J. A. DENISON

Fresh and Salt Meats

408 W. Main Cross St.

Phones:

Home 291

Bell 180

She: "Won't you come in for a little while?"

He: "No, I believe I had better be going."

She: "Mother is away and father is upstairs with the rheumatism in his legs."

He: "Both legs?"

She: "Yes."

He: "Well, I might stay a while."

Frances E.: "Did Stewart clasp you in his arms when the machine went in the ditch?"

Peg Mc.: "No, just the opposite."

Frances: "How's that?"

Peg: "The machine went in the ditch just as he clasped me in his arms."

Miss Hill: "Did you study your French last night, James?"

James: "Yes, an hour and a half."

Miss Hill: "Well, the next time take your book with you; you left it on my desk all night."

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Miss Gibson (in Vergil): "Well, Edna, is cupid old or young?"

Edna M.: "He must be pretty old by this time."

❖ ❖ ❖

Jaqua: "Are you going to class tomorrow?"

Jack P.: "Do you think I'd be a nut and bolt?"

GO
WHERE
THE
CROWDS
GO

THE STORE THAT UNDERSELLS
Boston Store
FINDLAY, OHIO.

FINDLAY'S
MOST
POPULAR
SHOPPING
CENTER



John H. Williamson

Realtor

Farms and City Property

Rentals Loans Investments Insurance

Notary Public

220 EWING BUILDING

Bell 223

Home B241

STOP, LOOK AND READ!

The only store that is controlled by laboring men and stock holders that guarantees 7 per cent. dividend and capital paid in.

In addition we sell you clean and good staple and fancy groceries at the price that is right.

THE UNITED WORKERS' GROCERY & PRODUCE COMPANY

HERMAN E. BISHOP, Mgr.

Bell Phone 1225

Home Phone 212B

Want Ads

Wanted: Someone new to vamp.—Clarabelle Shoupe.

Lost: My heart.—Bill Andrews.

Found: The above and shall keep.—Leta Price.

Wanted: A steady girl, like the other fellows have.—Norman Cooper.

Wanted: A generator to keep me supplied with hot air.—Emily Gibson.

Wanted: Something appropriate to talk about when my to-be-preacher calls.—Mary Teatsorth.

Wanted: A curling iron for my golden tresses.—Eugene Heishman.

Wanted: To borrow or buy a couple suits of good armor; must be of good steel and have a steel helmet. We need them for our Chemistry experiments.—Scott Palmer and Russel Snyder.

◆ ◆ ◆

Lester Elsea: "Every night before retiring I put down my thoughts in a little book."

Grace Rinehart: "How long have you been doing this?"

Lester: "Oh, for about two years."

Grace: "Then you must have the first page about full by this time."

◆ ◆ ◆

Raymond: "Did Frances' father invite you to call again?"

Clarence Fox: "No, he dared me to."



BUCKEYE SHIRT & WAIST FACTORY

221 SOUTH MAIN STREET

Manufacturers of Skirts,
Waists, Dresses, Aprons
and House Dresses

Buy direct from the factory—save
the middleman's profit.

We sell retail at wholesale prices.



Quality the Best
 Terms the Most Reasonable
 Prices the Lowest

SEE OUR SHOWING

Pathe
 Talking Machines



(President Harding's Preference)

TROUT BROS. AND CHARLES W. BELL

Maybe He Takes Latin

He: "They say he is fond of animals."
 She: "So I surmise, judging from the way he takes care of his pony."

For Sale

A reliable bicycle, large enough for two.
 Inquire of Leon Mertz.

Treva E. (to clerk in a drug store):
 "I'd like a box of powder."

Clerk: "Yes, Miss, face, gun or bug?"

Rudyard Kipling evidently didn't mean the F. H. S. assembly room when he wrote: "The East is east and the West is west and ne'er the twain shall meet."

Headline in a 1924 paper, reporting the next Republican convention: "O. Blijum nominated by \$3,000,000 majority."

"Porter and Bertha dance well together, don't they?"

"Yes, well together is right."

Mr. Hutson certainly fell for our assembly this year, but in a rather backward manner.

We wish someone would tell Don Stillberger that he can't be preserved by being canned.

Remember This One

Be it ever so homely, there's no face like your own.

Mr. Walters (passing out slips of paper, the first day of school): "All write your names down, please. If there are any changes we will make them later."

Harold D.: "I hear you are an awful strong man."

Garland A.: "Yes. I get in a boat every morning and pull up the river."

Mrs. Gabbe: "Henry, you were talking in your sleep last night."

Mr. G. (meekly): "Pardon me, my dear, for interrupting you."

Soph.: "Which is correct, a herd of camels or a flock of camels?"

Senior: "Neither—a pack of camels."

James Crane: "I'm trying hard to get ahead."

Miss Mills (disgustedly): "James, you certainly need one."

Lady (at Farmer's Institute, noticing class passing): "My gracious, how often do they have recesses here?"

How do they get that way?

THE TARBOX-McCALL STONE CO

Manufacturers of and Dealers

—in—

Crushed Stone and Stone
Sand

952 WESTERN AVE.

If we can be of service to you it will be a
favor to us

Can't Forget It

Learned: "Yes, James Bope's dad is a supporter of the Bar."

Doubtful: "Quit yer kiddin' me, this is a bone dry town."

• • •

Clyde P. (with tears in his eyes): "You know I was all broke up over a girl once."

His Friend: "Oh, I see; and some of the pieces were lost."

• • •

Mrs. Brickman: "Betty, who sent you those flowers?"

Betty B.: "Oh, a certain young man."

Mother: "Betty, how many times have I told you that you couldn't be certain of any young man?"

• • •

Leon M.: "Sweetheart, I live on your glances."

She: "How thin you are looking."

• • •

Newton P.: "Tell me, Ed, when you go to Kenton, do you go out with any girls to speak of?"

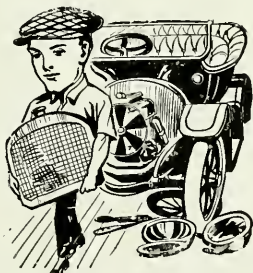
Ed Wise: "Well, yes,—but not to speak of."

• • •

A Junior and a Sophomore passing a Chinese laundry, in the wee sm' hours—

Junior: "Wonder what that Chinaman is doing up so late."

Sophomore: "Shirts, I suppose."



Hoffman & Bryan

BILL OF FARE

Spouting

Warm Air Heating

Coal Chutes

Cast Iron Clean Out Doors

Underground Garbage

Receivers

Package Receivers

Cistern Tops

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All Kind of Sheet Metal Work

Radiator Repair Work

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108 North Main Street

BOTH PHONES



The finish we give to shoes repaired here takes them out of the old shoes class and puts them in the practically new footwear division—COMFORT.

Bring in your old shoes, let us put more service into them so you'll enjoy that comfort.

WOODSON
124 E. Sandusky



The F. A. Holliger Co.

Manufacturers of

**VELVET BRAND
CONFECTIONERY**

Chewing Gum, Fountain Supplies,
Etc.

Home Phone 270 Bell Phone 270



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BOTH PHONES 136 N. MAIN ST

CHAS. McKINNIS

Confectionery

ICE CREAM and CANDIES

824 N. Main St.

JOHN E. PRIDDY

Lawyer

THERE ARE

Three Reasons

Why Students Should
Have

DOERTY PRINTING ALWAYS

First—You should receive **QUALITY**
PRINTING—Doerty gives this.

Second—You should get the **RIGHT**
PRICE—Doerty gives this.

Third—**RECIPROCITY**: You should
buy of him who advertises in the Blue
and Gold.

—
S E E

DOERTY

F I R S T

We Wonder—

Why Barney Voorhes is so bashful
around girls.

Why Bill Snook forgets so much.

Why Ed Wise is always broke.

How Dick Martz got such a big mouth.

What made Duke think he could raise
a mustache.

Why Treva Elsea talks so much.

Why Frances Eoff doesn't give her eye-
brows a chance.

❖ ❖ ❖

"Have you seen May?"

"May who?"

"Mayonnaise."

"No," she was dressing and wouldn't
lettuce."

❖ ❖ ❖

Joe Mitchell: "I have decided to paddle
my own canoe."

His Father: "That's a fine spirit my
son."

Joe: "But, dad, I need \$50 to buy a
canoe."

❖ ❖ ❖

"Bope: "I want the life of Caesar."

Librarian: "Sorry, sir, but Brutus was
ahead of you."

❖ ❖ ❖

Bill A.: "If Mr. Finton doesn't take
back what he said this morning, I'm going
to leave school."

Dye: "What did he say?"

Bill: "He told me to leave school."

The Snyder Shoe Company

The Best Dressed Person On Earth Would
Look Like Thirty Cents With a
Poor Pair of Shoes

We Sell Quality and Fit the Feet — Come
Here for Your Next Pair

The Snyder Shoe Company

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RUGS

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411 So. Main St.

We Give Brown Stamps

WALK-OVER PUMPS

For Graduation

SHOUPE'S WALK-OVER

BOOT SHOP

THE OLD SETTLER

WILL CLEAR
BLACK RAINWATER



WILL CLEAR THE
BLACKEST
Rainwater
IN A FEW HOURS.

IN A FEW HOURS
A TEN-CENT BOX WILL
CLEAR A 25-BARREL
CISTERN

FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS
ASK FOR IT



WILL CLEAR THE
BLACKEST
Rainwater
IN A FEW HOURS.

—Manufactured by—

THE OLD SETTLER CO.

FINDLAY, OHIO

And Then What Happened?

Bobbie ran into the sewing room and cried: "Oh, mamma! There's a man in the nursery kissing the nurse."

"April fool!" shouted Bobbie geefully. "It's only papa."

☛ ☛ ☛
"Father I need a new riding habit."

"Can't afford it now," he growled.

"But, father, what am I going to do without a riding habit?"

"Get the walking habit."

☛ ☛ ☛

Frank Slick: "You wouldn't think it, but I've just paid \$5,000 in cash for a house, all made by my own pluck and grit."

Interested One: "What business are you in?"

Frank: "I'm a son-in-law."

☛ ☛ ☛

Mr. Haverfield: "What is the maturity of a note dated Jan. 31, 1916, due in one month?"

Lester Elsea: "February 31."

☛ ☛ ☛

At the art gallery is a picture of a large Newfoundland dog standing over a child whom it had rescued from the water. Under the picture is the sign, "Saved."

Harry S.: "No wonder the kid fainted after dragging that big dog out of the water."



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BLUE and GOLD GREENHOUSE

Palmer's

123-125 EAST FRONT STREET

Both 'Phones



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Framing



Barr & Company

D. A. NEALEIGH

Manager

5c — STORES — 10c

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VARIETY DEPARTMENTS

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DID YOU ever come to school feeling you could lick the world?

Simply bubbling over with confidence and joy of living?

The day went quickly. Words simply melted away. That is the way we feel about our business. Backed up by a large stock of good merchandise, and a reputation for honest service for over 72 years, we go right after business with the confidence that we can serve you a little better than the other fellow.

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A. D. Patterson, Class of 1907

M. C KELLY

Wall Paper and Interior
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Auto Service

Both 'Phones

628 S. Main St.

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F. M. Barnhart

Funeral Director and
Embalmer

110-112 SOUTH MAIN STREET

Findlay, Ohio

You Will Always Enjoy a Good
Show at the

LYCEUM

GOOD ATTRACTIONS AT ALL
TIMES

Tuesday and Wednesday

Special Feature Days

A. R. KRAFT, Mgr.

Naturally

Inquisitive: "Where were you on the evenings of June 1, 1919; July 31, 1920, Feb. 1, 1921?"

John Alex.: "Pearl, what's your house number?"

■ ■ ■

Harry S.: "Caroline, some day I'm going to ask you something."

Caroline Mc.: "Oh Harry, this is so sudden."

Harry: "I guess I'll ask you now. (blushes) "Will you go to the movies with me tonight?"

■ ■ ■

Don S.: "That girl is awfully loud."

Parker P.: "You mean that girl with the bangs?"

■ ■ ■

Raymond G.: "I thought you loved a light-haired girl last year."

Albert B.: "I did, but she 'died'."

■ ■ ■

Lorine M.: "Aren't those stockings of yours rather loud?"

Helen L.: "That's the reason I wear them, they keep my feet from going to sleep."

■ ■ ■

Ruth C.: "Ruth, can't you play tennis without all that noise?"

Ruth Van.: "How do you suppose we are going to play tennis without raising a racket?"

Are You Interested in Good Fellowship?

Physical Activities?

Mental Development?

Moral Welfare?

IF SO, JOIN THE

Y. M. C. A.

THE PLACE WHERE FRIENDS MEET

CHAS. A. PESCHEL

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Service and Satisfaction Guaranteed

Prices Reasonable

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Lumbermen

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The Firm That Has Put But One Standard Price—
One Set of Business Ethics

VICTOR VICTROLAS
VICTOR RECORDS

PLAYER PIANOS
PLAYER ROLLS

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330 South Main Street

Do you know

that it will pay you to come to us for all your needs in our line?

We have recently added many new lines to our stock, and are now in a better position to care for your wants than ever before.

You will find our stocks large and complete and consisting only of standard, dependable brands of merchandise which we guarantee to give satisfaction.

Our line consists of everything in General and Builders' Hardware, Stoves, Furnaces, Paints, Glass, Electrical Goods and Appliances, Farm Supplies and Machinery, Household Supplies, and hundreds of other articles found only in the largest and best stores in the large cities.

Our policy is that goods which we sell must make good, or we will, and if for any reason you desire to return any purchase we will cheerfully refund your money. It is our desire that each and every transaction with us be entirely satisfactory to our customers.

WE DELIVER—THREE
TRUCKS AT YOUR SERVICE

**I. C. PORTER
HARDWARE CO.**

Our Motto:

"Quality the Best, and All We Can Give for the Money; Not
All We Can Get for the Goods"

A. L. Askam & Son

318 W. Main Cross St.

Staple and Fancy
Groceries

Fine Confectionery, Notions,
Galvanized and Granite Ware

McCall Pattern Agency

Mike Protogere

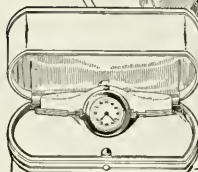
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Home Made Candies



and California Fruits

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Graduates

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The HALLMARK STORE
We Solicit Your Patronage

If You Want Style, Fit and
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Summer Footwear

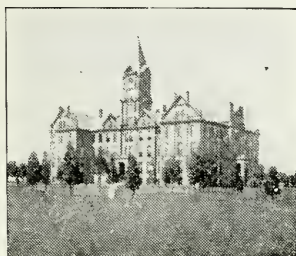
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First Semester Opens September 13th, 1921

A Professional Teacher's Course approved
by the State Superintendent of Public In-
struction, leading to the Degree of Bachelor
in Education



Courses of Study

Classical, Scientific, Theological, Agricultural, Academic,
Domestic Science, Business, Music, Art, Oratory,
Religious Education, Ministerial

The Largest Faculty in the History of the College

REV. WM. HARRIS GUYER, A.M., D.D.

President

Good Facilities

Send for Catalogues

An Advertiser's Tale

I stepped right in and called, "Good day."

To the man behind the case,

And tried to think just what to say,

With some form of an elephant's grace,

His eyes of steel burned through me hot,

As my knees played a constant tatoo,

And he frowned and said "What yer got."

His eyes searched me through and through,

"Well, Mr. Brown I've got a proposition by the way,"

I ventured forth and had to stop

"Well, cough it up," he said, "Young man

I haven't time to stop,

And spit it out as fast you can."

My tongue went flippity-flop,

"I'm getting ads for the Blue and Gold,"

I said in a tone very new.

My hair stood up and my eyeballs gleamed

And he said, "Gimme a page or two."

I gleamed triumphant, brave and bold,

And I sauntered forth in glee.

By looking at me one could have told

That the world's eighth wonder was me.

❖ ❖ ❖

James C.: "Alice, I think you're a perfect lemon."

Alice C.: "What do you care, as long as you are the squeezer?"

Repair and Care

Give Twice the Wear

YOUR OLD SHOES MADE

NEW

MODERN SHOE

REPAIR

112 E. Sandusky St.

Do You Want to Make "The Team" Next Year?

Do You Want to Win Your "F"?

OF COURSE YOU DO

Then

Build Up Your Body by Drinking More Milk—

A Quart a Day Will Work Wonders

—Ask Your Coach

THE FINDLAY DAIRY CO.

Tell Your Dad To Buy

GOODRICH TIRES NOW!

Best In the Long Run

DAVIS JOHNSON

Goodrich Representative

FINDLAY, OHIO

I wish I was a rock, a sittin' on the hill, a doin' nothin' all day long, but just a sittin' still. I wouldn't sleep, I wouldn't eat, I wouldn't even wash; I'd just sit still a thousand years and rest myself BY GOSH.

CONAWAY'S CAFETERIA

330 SOUTH MAIN STREET

FINDLAY, OHIO

F. A. CONAWAY, Prop.

Cleveland Chandler Winton

Automobiles of Distinction

Wm. H. Brown & Co.

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For
Expert
Piano
Tuning
Call
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When Applied to Phonographs

THE STANDARD OF TALKING MACHINE QUALITY

"A man must know the facts before he can think about them earnestly. Half knowledge means poor thinking and incorrect conclusions."

Do you know the facts about the Sonora?

SEE YOUR HOME PIANO DEALERS

C. KOBE & SON



You Can Always Depend on Getting
Good

FLOWERS

at Waalands. We make a specialty
of choice Corsage Bouquets and
Basket.

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Both Phones



Boys—Some of these days
you are going to buy Life In-
surance. When that time
comes, let us show you what a
Northwestern Contract will do
for you.

The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company

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ROBERT K. DAVIS, Dist. Agt.

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FINDLAY, O.

Phonographs

and

RECORDS

that please



Norton's Music Store

209 SOUTH MAIN ST.

Bell Phone 621



Edison

Could the "Wizard" carry on his great
work without taking proper care of his
eyes?

Specialists say that three persons out
of every four need glasses to correct faulty
vision.

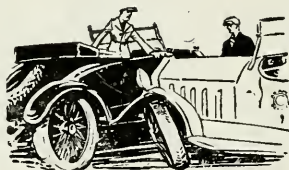
Avoid eyestrain and physical breakdown
by having your eyes tested today by a
reliable optometrist.

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Optometrist and Jeweler

103 N. Main St.

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The J. C. Spencer Agency

Protects you against Loss—and gives Service which eliminates from
your daily life, inconvenience and worry

212-214 Ewing Bldg.

Findlay, Ohio

He Must Have Had a Date

Mr. Roberts (practicing for the opera):
"Don, why don't you stop? These marks
mean rest."

Don Shafer: "What's the use of restin'?
Let's hurry and get through with it."

Selma A.: "How dare you! No! I
never kissed a man in my life!"
Barnie V.: "I never did either."

Al.: "There's an awful rumbling in my
stomach—like a cart going over a cobble-
stone street."

Cohol.: "It's probably that truck you
ate for dinner."

Burgan W.: "Here's twentyfive cents
of my Blue and Gold money on account."

Mr. Finton: "On account?"

Bergo: "Yes, on account of not having
the rest of it."

Oculist (pointing to the sign P-X-Y-Q):
"Can you read that?"

Raymond G.: "Sure! but I can't pro-
nounce it."

Jess A.: "Are you dining anywhere next
Sunday?"

Barney (expectantly): "No, I don't
think so."

Jess: "How hungry you will be on
Monday."

FIRST CLASS

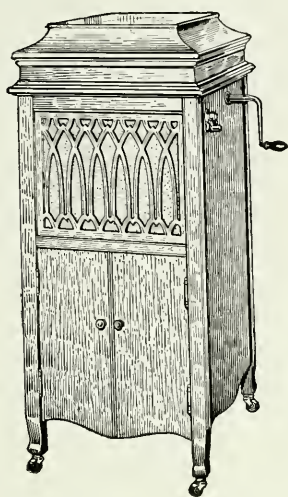
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7-8-9 Marvin Blk., Opp. Court House



"YE MUSIC SHOPPE"

113 South Main St.

FINDLAY, OHIO

Pianos Piano Players
Phonographs Records
Band Instruments
and Musical Instruments

We Cordially Invite All Lovers of Music to
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DEMING — STEELE — DEMING

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READY-TO-WEAR AND

CARPETS

337 and 339 SOUTH MAIN STREET

FINDLAY, OHIO

Home Phone 393

Bell Phone 393

GO TO

Ye Sweete Shoppe

for a full line of

CANDY — BOX OR BULK

and ICE CREAM

Under the Old Name

No! We are not job printers but we assemble type faces and inks in harmonious combinations, producing results that that effective.

If your stationery or advertising matter has that sickly look, consult us—

We Are Specialists

Benedict Printing Co.

C. W. KISTLER, Lessee and Manager

A. L. HERRING

Promoter of Honest Advertising Methods



Sedan or Coupe

Electrically Equipped — Dust

Proof — Rain Proof

Lower in Price than any touring car (except the Ford car).

Collingwood & Edwards

A Gentle Hint

Soph. (in deep thought): "Mike, I would like to ask you a question."

Mike Crohen: "Well, what is it?"

Soph.: "How old would you be now if you hadn't gone to High School?"

◆ ◆ ◆

It was evening and several callers were chatting in the parlor, when a patter of little feet was heard at the head of the stairs. Mrs. _____ raised her hand for silence. "Hush, the children are going to deliver their good-night message. They speak the love that is in their little hearts never so fully as when the dark has come. Listen." There was a pause. Then—"Mamma, Willie found a bed bug."

◆ ◆ ◆

Basil R.: "Who was Nero; wasn't he the guy what was always so cold?"

Dwight D.: "No, that was Zero, another guy altogether."

◆ ◆ ◆

Raymond (after the wedding): "This lettuce tastes beastly—did you wash it?"

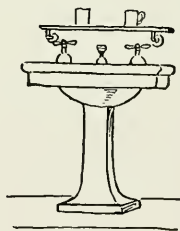
Mary: "Of course I did, darling,—and I used perfumed soap."

◆ ◆ ◆

Porter G.: "Daniel Webster wrote the dictionary."

Don Gass.: "No, it was Noah Webster."

Port.: "Noah, nothing. Noah built the ark."



CARL H. MUELLER

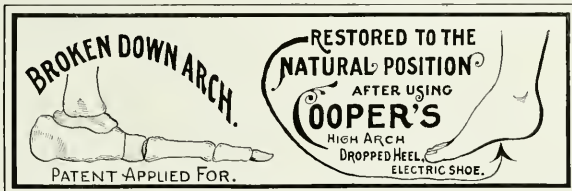
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You should worry about the high cost of shoes when we can repair your old ones and make them as good, and look like new and still have the same comfort. Sewed soles and rubber heels while you wait. Be wise and look after your feet. Don't suffer agony when a pair of our electric arch supports will correct the trouble. They restore broken down arches to their normal condition.

A. R. COOPER

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UNITED UNDERWEAR CO.

Underwear for Men, Women and Children

OUR SPECIALTY

UNITED UNDERWEAR CO.

Only Reliable Merchandise

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Electrical..... Contractors

Phones 570

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Practical Stylish Glasses



Our Glasses represent the last word
in Optical Science

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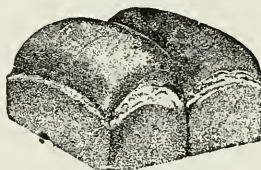
G. R. THOMPSON

DIAMONDS

WATCHES JEWELRY

328 So. Main St.

H. J. SMITH



Home Bakery

Bell, Main 672

211 N. Main St.

Some Fatherly Advice

When a bit of sunshine hits you, after passing of a cloud;

When a fit of laughter gits you, an your spine is feeling proud,

Don't forget to up and fling it
At a soul that's feeling blue.

For the minute that you sling it
It's a boomerang to you.

✱ ✱ ✱

Jess A.: "Eugene must not be a very popular name."

Peg McKay: "Why?"

Jess: "Because, I looked at every word in the dictionary that began with 'U' and I couldn't find Eugene anywhere."

✱ ✱ ✱

The Way of a Woman

Frances E.: "You know, dear, I always speak as I think."

Her Friend: "Yes, I know—only oftener."

✱ ✱ ✱

Correct

A crazy man and two Chinamen fell from a train. Here's is the conductor's report:

"Lost—A nut and two washers."

✱ ✱ ✱

Hinks: "I see the Republicans expect to abolish the shimmy."

Jinks: "Yeah?"

Hinks: "Uh-Huh, their motto is: 'Let's be done with wiggle and wobble.'"



Now, the right illumination
Brings content and real
elation.

Sorrow always lurks in the shadows. If you will turn on the light there abides contentment. Electricity gives the best and most economical modern light. We will wire every room in your house without showing any unsightly traces of where the conductors are laid. May we hear from you?

Electrically at Your Service
A. L. Wellwire

Dunn's Electric Shop

207 North Main

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The Giant Tire and
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Findlay, Ohio

We Lead—Others Follow

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IF IT'S TIRE TROUBLE TROUBLE US

Call { Home Phone 54 } For
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Free Tire Service

We Make No Charge for This Service—Our Service Car
Is Always Ready

FEDERAL, BRUNSWICK AND AJAX

TIRES AND TUBES
VULCANIZING

All Work Guaranteed

Lilly White Gasoline

Accessories

DIXIE TIRE SHOP

4 Doors North of Marvin Theatre

GEO. HOLLOWAY

318 N. Main St.

W. A. BURGOON

FINDLAY, OHIO

QUALITY

South Side
Coal Co.

SERVICE

Bell 460

Home 802



Renshler Mortuary

Farmer: "I'll give you five dollars a day to help me dig potatoes."

Boody McKay: "Better dig them yourself, mister. You planted 'em, so you know where they are."

❖ ❖ ❖

Mr. Lee: "William, are you laughing at me?"

Bill Snook: "No, sir."

Mr. Lee: "What else is there in the room to laugh at?"

❖ ❖ ❖

Same Old Martz

Dick Martz: "I wrote a sonnet on my cuff last night. What shall I do with it?"

Smithie: "Send it to the laundry."

Peg Renninger: "How beautiful your painting is. It fairly makes my mouth water."

Leonard Smith: "A sunset makes your mouth water?"

Peg: "Oh, is it a sunset? I thought it was a fried egg."

❖ ❖ ❖

Miss Beardsley: "Change the sentence 'The horse draws the cart,' to the imperative mood."

Jack L.: "Get up."

❖ ❖ ❖

Miss Hill: "Did you throw any of those paper wads sticking on the blackboard?"

Kenny S.: "No ma'am, mine didn't stick."

Favorite Songs of F. H. S.

"If I Only Had One Dollar All My Own."—Mike Crohen.
 "Dates Are Sweeter Than Sugar."—Byron Vorhees.
 "The Breeze That Blew My Pony Back To Me."—Raymond George.
 "Oh How I Hate To Get Up When the Five Rings."—Kenny Shultz.
 "Feather Your Nest."—Don Fellabaum.
 "Come Seven—Come All."—Lester Elsea.
 "Whispering."—Ethel Dorsey.
 "Work, for a Teacher's Coming."—St. Elmo Tyner.
 "Findlay Will Shine Tonight."—Coach Shull.
 "It's Naughty But It's Nice."—Porter Gillispie.
 "The Flower That Blooms In L-19."—Harold Eckhardt.
 "Memories."—The Alumni.
 "Oh, Frenchie."—Miss Hill.
 "The Jolly Miller."—Miss Baker.
 "Sweet and 'Lo."—Leon Mertz.
 "They Go Wild, Simply Wild, Over Me."—Harry Shaffer.
 "Daddy Long Legs."—Leonard Smith.
 "Gee, I Wish I Had a Gal."—Bill Snook.
 "I'll Be Down To Get You in a Taxi, Honey."—Clarence Fox.
 "Forget-Me-Not."—Gerald Hendricks.
 "I've Got the Alcoholic Blues."—Connie Mitchell.
 "I'm Forever Blowing."—Don Stillberger.
 "There's a Little Bit of Bad in Every Good Little Girl."—Sophomore Girls.
 "Oh, What a Gal Was Mary."—Raymond George.
 "Take Me To That Land of Jazz."—John Alexander.
 "Jazz Baby."—Caroline McMurray.
 "How Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm."—Alice Cole.
 "Little Blue Diamonds."—Ethel da Williams.
 "Waiting" (for a girl)—Alfred Hards

A Disadvantage

"Judge, your honor," cried the prisoner at the bar, "do I have to be tried by a lady jury?"
 "Be still," whispered his attorney.
 "I won't be still, Judge, I can't fool my own wife, let alone twelve strange women. I'm guilty."
 Referee Jerpe: "Foul on Vorhees progressing with the ball."
 Vorhees: "Aw that ain't progressing, I was going backwards."
 Mrs. Altschul "Did you hear my daughter singing last night?"
 Mr. Kestle: "Yes, I couldn't get to my window."
 Bones: "What's a divorce suit?"
 Groans: "Opposite of union suit."

Did You Ever Know—

Miss Mills to fall asleep on her assembly room "beat."
 Mike Crohen when he could not sell a Blue and Gold.
 Alfie Hards when he wasn't fat.
 Peg Williams when she wasn't the tallest girl in the school.
 Lorine Moore when she didn't blush.
 Stillberger to go to class without getting canned.
 Hendricks to miss anything.
 Mr. Miller not willing to help with dramatics.
 A girl to be crazy about Harry Shaffer.
 Frank Slick to go with any girl but Thelma Poole.
 Why the Seniors didn't give Rhetoricals.
 James Bope to be with a girl.
 Mr. Hutson when he wasn't good.
 Mr. Buess to ring the 5 min. bell on time.
 Mr. Lee to actually "can" anyone.
 Miss Baker when she wasn't being "a friend in need."
 Frances Fuller when she couldn't talk.
 A girl like your own.

?????

Oh Boy, Remember—

When a girl with a pale face and a shiny nose was considered good looking.
 When Coach Shull was single.
 When two could go to a show as cheap as one.
 When James Crane and Caroline McMurray were experiencing their "first love."
 When Mr. Bowman's upper lip was bare.
 When Mr. Finton decorated his landscape with scenery.
 When Michael Crohen started in High School.
 When one knew whether Marion, Ohio, was a girl or a disease.
 When our teams used to beat Fostoria.

?? REMEMBER ??

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Miss Baker: "Jack, what type of men do L'Allegro and Il Penseroso remind you of?"
 Jack Betts: "Happy Hooligan and Gloomy Gus."

???

Betty B.: "I don't see how you stand to kiss that human sky-scraper, Smittie."
 Peg Renninger: "Oh it's easy, when he stands on the second step down."

???

Alice Cole: "Don't you wish you were as happy as a lark?"
 James Crane: "No, indeed, Think of the time they have to get up."

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Sign in front of a florist's shop in Mt. Clemens, Mich.:
 Arthur Van Derblumencheuer—say it with flowers."



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